THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

In This Number:

The Balance of Powers	*G. P. Gooch*
Ambush in Ethiopia	*J. F. Renaud*
The Informer (A Play)	*Bertolt Brecht*
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Japan's Economic Royalists	*Neil Skene Smith*
Bombs Over Barcelona	*John Langdon-Davies*
Nôuri (A Story)	*Robert Riquez*

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AN ILLUSTRATED QUARTERLY MAGAZINE FOR AMERICAN FRIENDS OF SWEDEN, NORWAY, DENMARK, AND ICELAND

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE GUIDE POST

WHY does the British Government seem so unwilling to stand up to the truculent dictators? And what really is its policy? The answer, no doubt, is very complex. G. P. Gooch, in our first article, 'The Balance of Powers,' tries to answer these and many other questions regarding the present policies and alignments of the great Powers. On the whole, the picture he paints is a very dark one as far as possibilities of conciliation are concerned, but he firmly believes that while Great Britain and France stand together, with the United States in the background, there is no fear of a totalitarian autocracy in Europe. As a joint-editor of the *Cambridge History of British Foreign Policy* and also of the *British Documents on the Origins of the War*, G. P. Gooch may readily be regarded as an authority on present-day Europe. [p. 8]

WHILE the whole world is wondering whether Hitler will still dare to invade Czechoslovakia, the plans for such an invasion have been prepared to the last detail by Colonel Conrad, Chief of Staff of the 18th Army Corps, at present stationed at Salzburg. While suggesting the 'Cannae' method—that of closing in on the enemy from all sides—Conrad believes that Czechoslovakia can be destroyed within fourteen days. It is interesting to note that Great Britain is not referred to from beginning to end of this very thorough military plan. [p. 13]

WHAT is behind the label 'Made in Japan?' How is Japanese industry organized? A good deal is known about the Mitsui and Mitsubishi concerns, comparatively little about the others, the Sumitomo, the Yasuda and the Shinko groups. We are publishing, under the title 'Japan's Economic Royalists,' the detailed survey made by Neil Skene Smith, formerly Professor of Economics at the University of Commerce in Tokyo, for the British *Economist*. The survey is based on material recently published, in the vernacular, in Japan. [p. 18]

THE group of articles that we have called 'Old Order Changeth' has as its theme the reminiscences of past glories on both sides of the Channel. C. A. Lyon writes of the passing away of great English estates of the kind that Victoria Sackville-West made famous in her *Edwardians* and Virginia Woolf in *Orlando*. One cannot say, however, that the author regrets too much 'Britain's Vanishing Manors.' [p. 25]

THE second article bears some scathing comments upon the French *haut-monde*, by an author who ought to know. Marthe de Chambrun-Ruspoli, a member of the grand old family of de Chambruns and Princess Ruspoli by marriage, thinks that the French society, affected by the depression, has entirely lost its pre-War charm, and has become a gathering of slightly frayed stuffed-shirts. Presumably she does not mean the Two Hundred Families, which at the present writing seem to be doing very nicely. [p. 29]

J. F. RENAUD belongs to that species of journalists that are the bane of the propaganda bureaus' existence—who insist on finding things out for themselves. 'Ambush in Ethiopia' is his account of the fight for freedom that the as yet unvanquished natives are waging in South Ethiopia—a fight that he himself has witnessed as a guest of one of the resisting chieftains. [p. 31]

IT IS our privilege to present in this issue 'The Informer,' a dramatic sketch by Bertolt Brecht, which we are reprinting

(*Continued on page 94*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

A DESIRE FOR PEACE, so ardently proclaimed by the various Foreign Offices of Europe during the summer just ending, has been sharply at variance—both openly and *sub rosa*—with certain actualities now a matter of record. That the vast majority of thinking people are well aware of the tragic futility of another world war is undeniable; that it is inevitable, in view of the increasingly bitter conflicts of political ideologies and cure-alls, seems to be equally apparent.

The war nobody wants is being forced on the civilized world by the groups nobody trusts. Somewhere, ground between the millstones of the extremist governments, are the forgotten people of the present day, the solid strata of the middle class upon which, according to the copy books, the worthwhile development of nations once depended. What the fate of this middle class may be in the future is to be clearly remarked in any totalitarian government—be it Communist or Fascist—where its members have been stripped of liberties, properties and self-respect.

It is not to be wondered that an unhealthy social and political pessimism is rapidly springing up in Europe, where the term 'national integrity' has become, in many chancelleries, an empty phrase. A pointed commentary on the possibility of peace may be found in the financial pages of the London press. In the midst of diplomatic discussions to avert war, a £1,500,000 stock issue of the African Explosives and Industries was immediately over-subscribed by some £40,000,000.

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THUS HITLER'S REPEATED ASSERTIONS, presented by his envoy Wiedemann on the occasion of the latter's summer visits to London, that Germany is more than anxious for improved relations with Britain, were received with a certain amount of understandable skepticism by the London press. The subversive activities of the Nazi Party in Great Britain itself are becoming increasingly difficult to explain away by even the most ardent Germanophiles. Public attention was called to these undercover movements when the Board of Trade quashed an attempt by the Nazi Government to dictate to British firms dealing with Germany regarding the employment of non-Aryans by those firms. Coincident with this affair, it was discovered that an increasing amount of Nazi propaganda is being distributed to the German-speaking residents of England. During the summer a special newspaper, in German, made its appearance. It is called *Deutsche Zeitung in Grossbritannien* and, although its publication office is listed in London, it is actually printed in Essen by the *National-Druckerei*, which issues the *National-Zeitung*, the organ of Marshal Göring.

THE GERMAN PRESS, meanwhile, cannot hide its delight over anti-British riots in Britain's colonies and mandates. The Cairo correspondent of the *Völkischer Beobachter*, for example, writes the following account of the events in Palestine:—

> To be sure, the conditions in Palestine have become more aggravated, despite all prophecies, than one should have believed possible a year ago. And—this is significant—the crisis has developed out of the uprising of individuals and groups. Thus it is felt, in the political and military field—all assurances to the contrary notwithstanding—that England is up against a front of a united people, the determination of a unit which had once upon a time been promised autonomy.

Added evidence of Germany's active interest in the Near East developed when leading German journalists from Egypt, Palestine, Transjordan, Syria, Lebanon and Iraq met in Jerusalem, ostensibly to report on the Palestine situation, but actually—according to the *Daily Herald's* correspondent—to study methods of Arabic propaganda.

FURTHER AFIELD, the old struggle between the English and the Germans for the control of South Africa is gradually being renewed, this time in favor of Germany. The ultra-conservative section of the British press—as exemplified by the *National Review*—places the blame on 'the slackness and misgovernment of the present Boer administration,' which 'gives an opening everywhere to powerful intriguers.' Be that as it may, the British in South Africa are becoming increasingly alarmed by Germany's intensive propaganda drives in the Union. Evidence of this

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was given in the recent Legislative Assembly, when the Independent Representative of Swakopmund stated:—

> Germans have always received the utmost consideration and sympathetic treatment, but it is probable that before long the same cry will be raised here by Germany as was recently raised in Czechoslovakia. Germany claims the allegiance of all Germans, whether naturalized or not, and once the cry of unfair treatment of local Germans goes up Germany will probably claim the right to interfere.

UNHAPPY LITTLE CZECHOSLOVAKIA, meanwhile, continued to be scourged all summer by economic distress, racial troubles and the awful fear of war. It has not been generally realized here that the country has been suffering from an acute depression. With the exception of the munitions plants, running full blast day and night, there have been hundreds of factories with smokeless chimneys; crops were not up to expectations, and the jobless—many of whom have not found work in five or six years—are increasing at a startling rate.

Racial troubles added more than anything else to the country's woes. The people of the border districts where distress is deepest are largely German. They suffered most from the helplessness of unemployment, and they suffered as a racial minority. The worst off of all were the German Socialist workers, who suffered as a Party minority among their own people—bullied, intimidated and threatened by Konrad Henlein's Sudeten German Party.

The arrival of Lord Runciman in Prague early in August to endeavor to settle the minorities dispute between the Government and the Sudetens was seen from the first as rather futile. While the British 'adviser' was in Prague, the Germans launched their ominous war games on the frontier. For weeks troops had been pouring into the area which flanks Czechoslovakia on three sides. Grimly the Czechs watched what obviously were signs of a *coup*, which, the Berlin Foreign Office announced for the benefit of Britain and France, would take place on August 15, but did not.

Ironically these same Sudeten Germans, whom Hitler has vowed he will restore to their native land, would be the first victims of the war, with their villages, factories and farms wiped out overnight.

THE JEWS IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA, meanwhile, have every reason to be worried. Until the Austrian conquest, Czechoslovak authorities were able to keep law in the Sudeten German districts and to protect the Jews as much as all other citizens. Since the coördination of Austria, however, with the tacit consent of the Great Powers, the result of the anti-Semitic agitation in the Sudeten German districts began to make itself felt ever more strongly. There are about 186,000 Jews in Czecho-

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slovakia, and 22,000 of them live in the Sudeten German areas. These are regarded as aliens, according to Rosenberg's race theories.

According to the *Deutsche Informationen*, there has been a regular boycott of Jewish stores, Jewish physicians and Jewish lawyers. Aryans buying in Jewish stores are denounced. It has frequently happened that Aryan customers of Jewish stores have been sentenced by a Henlein Party court. Jewish merchants, on the other hand, are being forced—as in a case in Moravia, for example—to place a picture of Henlein in their windows. Whoever does not comply with this request is threatened with extreme measures.

On the whole, things are as they were in Germany. The Sudeten German Nazis are already considered masters of the situation. They have been forcing Jewish merchants to sell their stores cheaply to Aryan bidders, and the merchants are further harassed because some of their Christian clientele have not paid them—payment being postponed some time ago because of the 'coming events.' Jews have also been expelled from many organizations, even from the German Cultural Guild, although the Guild has many Jewish donors. The struggle for the domination of the theater by the Henlein people early took on a particularly violent character. Jewish actors were pushed out of all German-speaking theaters.

It is understandable, under these circumstances, that the Jewish minority in the Sudeten German districts have been deeply worried about the developments in the negotiations between the Czech government and the Henlein leaders. Their worst fears for months were that local police authority might get into the hands of Henlein.

A CURIOUS COMPARISON between the re-formed Japanese Government and the Government of Great Britain in the war days of 1916 is made by the *National Review* of London. After pointing out that the war in the Far East is pursuing the usual course of taking longer and being more costly than the Japanese expected when they launched their attack on China last year, the editorial goes on:—

> It would appear that the Japanese are getting their second wind in this war; they are settling down to it in the knowledge that it will be a long war, and with a view to this they have recently re-formed their Government, much as we did in 1916. Indeed, there is even some parallel between the men who have taken office in Tokyo and those who formed Mr. Lloyd George's War Cabinet. The Prime Minister, Count Hirota, knows diplomacy and the world, and in this is not dissimilar to Lord Curzon; Araki, fiery and oratorical, is rather like Mr. Lloyd George himself, and in Ikeda, who is now Minister of Finance, a parallel might be found to Lord Miller, for he is a man not to be deflected in his policy by popular outcry or intrigue. The comparison between these Japanese Ministers and the Englishmen who saved the situation in 1916 must not be pushed too far, but it

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would be as well if we tried to understand the Japanese a little better than we do, in the light of our own experience.

This editorial is enlightening in view of the recent news through diplomatic channels that Great Britain is considering recognizing the *de facto* Government set up by Japan in North China in a move to protect her trade interests there, while, at the same time, she will also retain her relations with Chiang Kai-shek in his new capital, wherever he takes it, in the case of the fall of Hankow.

A BOON TO ITALIANS is an unexpectedly generous harvest that has allowed all distinctions in the quality of bread to be formally ended, and henceforth rich and poor will all eat the same kind of loaf. This follows a ruling in which the adulteration of wheat flour is reduced from 20 per cent to 10 per cent, with the adulterant restricted to maize flour. The improvement in the bread is said to be remarkable. The 20 per cent bread was highly unpopular and hardly eatable. It was tough when fresh, and soon hardened to a rock-like consistency. The crumbs were a dirty, sandy gray. Finally the people complained and Il Duce heeded.

But he heeded more or less reluctantly, for the wheat crop of 8,000,000 tons is still 500,000 tons short of normal. This is not relished by the authorities who prefer to preserve their supplies of foreign exchange for industrial raw materials, which are very badly needed. Italy's gold and foreign exchange reserves are still dwindling rapidly. While this does not mean that a financial collapse is imminent, it puts even greater bargaining power in the hands of any country which can afford to offer credits. Two factors unforeseen by Mussolini—the short wheat crop and the prolongation of the Spanish War—have greatly accelerated the loss of foreign exchange.

Ever since the ill-judged stabilization of the lira on a gold basis in 1927, Italy has had an import surplus too big to be covered by her invisible exports. The resulting deficit on the balance of payment averaged about 1,500,000,000 lire from 1927 to 1934. How great is the remaining reserve of gold and foreign exchange is today a deep secret. The Bank of Italy shows a gold stock of 4,028,000,000 lire. But during the Ethiopian War the Government collected a secret reserve of gold offered by the public and of foreign securities forcibly appropriated. Out of this reserve most of the huge exchange deficits of 1936–37, caused by war and sanctions, were met.

Since the development in Ethiopia has been stopped, due to the lack of gold, and most of the Italian settlers brought back, Italy is now merely trying to establish a 'self-supporting' military colony. At the same time, East Africa is costing Italy 1,200,000,000 lire to maintain.

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Besides that, Italy has lost most of its tourist trade to France as a result of the devaluation of the franc.

All the evidence points, therefore, to the fact that Italy's exchange reserves cannot last more than a year longer unless further extreme sacrifices can be imposed on the people by new curtailments of imported goods. There is thus an ever-growing pressure on Il Duce to abandon one or the other of his foreign adventures unless he can obtain huge foreign credits. At present, Italy's foreign credits are mainly with Germany, and the commercial indebtedness is growing at an alarmingly fast rate. If Germany continues to lend money to Italy, her economic dependence on Germany will grow.

But meanwhile, the Italians are munching tasty bread and letting the Government worry about the bills.

TROUBLE LOOMS IN INDIA as a fresh wave of discontent sweeps over that teeming land. Unrest has gone deeper in the ten years since Mahatma Gandhi led the first batch of resisters against Great Britain's attempt to give India a new—and unwanted—status in the Empire.

The Indian peasants are said now to be resolved not to accept any constitution except one framed by an assembly of their own choosing, elected by the free vote of the people under universal adult franchise. Peasant leaders have declared that if Britain insists on proceeding with the present plan for imposing a Federation or Dominion status on India, a new wave of civil disobedience, non-payment of taxes and a boycott of British goods will take place.

Although it is not generally realized outside India, the peasant masses have undergone an extraordinary 'awakening' in the past few years. As 350,000,000 of India's population are dependent on agriculture, this will give some idea of how future political developments might turn out with the peasants demanding, first, abolition of feudal landlords and all intermediaries between the cultivator and the State; second, the lifting of the burden of debt from the farmers; and last, substantial reductions in land revenue and the abolition of all feudal and semi-feudal levies.

Among the principal countries of the world, India has the highest percentage of people engaged in agriculture and the lowest percentage employed in industry, transport and trade. In cold figures, 73.9 of India's millions are farmers; 10.6 are engaged in mining and 7.1 in transport and trade. Added to the agricultural Indian's woes is the fact that, while their present income is half what it was in 1930, the burden of land revenue has not decreased. The country's total agricultural debt is around $3,-500,000,000. This startling figure, computed by the Government's Central Banking Inquiry Committee, is said by many observers to be under-estimated. When it is considered that 90 per cent of the farmers

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have to live on borrowing, and that only 6 per cent are debt-free the farmer's plight is a tragic one.

THE STATUS OF HUNGARY, since the German annexation of Austria, is one of deep concern to other countries as well as to the Magyars themselves. The agitation in the countryside that accompanied the Austro-German *Anschluss* uncovered a potentially powerful National Socialist movement. Three arguments of wide mass appeal are credited with aggravating the growth of National Socialism; frontier revision, anti-Semitism, land reform. Ever since the break-up of Austria-Hungary, the Hungarians have constantly voiced a carefully nurtured bitterness over the territory lost to Czechoslovakia—far less, incidentally, than was taken over by Rumania and Yugoslavia. The anti-Semites complain that in reduced and impoverished post-War Hungary only the Jew prospered, a statement highly questionable at best. Of the three reasons advanced for adherence to National Socialism only one stands up under analysis—that of land reform. In Hungary nearly a third of the land is still held by the big estate holders, and, as a result, there is a large class of landless farm laborers. The Nazis' promise to divide the big estates among the landless workers is an undeniable attraction.

Nor should it be overlooked that Germany needs—and needs desperately—the rich grain harvest of Hungary in her bid for predominance in Central and Southeastern Europe. It is not likely, particularly in evidence of her activities in other parts of the world, that she will do anything to lessen Nazi agitation in Hungary. Notwithstanding these facts, in an article in the *Hungarian Quarterly*, Count Stephen Bethlen, former Prime Minister, writes:—

> There are many who fear that German voracity will not stop at the gates of Sopron, and that we are the next victim. It is absurd to imagine that Germany might consider our country as a settlement area. Common sense cannot fathom such an object; and so far I have not come across a single sound argument that could show reasons for serious anxiety or alarm.

The more charitably-minded might put Count Bethlen's statement down to wishful thinking. Deliberate misrepresentation is a harsher, more realistic, phrase. For at the moment that Count Bethlen's article was being written Major Szalasi, the Hungarian Nazi Leader, was appealing from a three years' penal sentence—a sentence that on reflection means little, when one recalls that on at least four former occasions Major Szalasi was sentenced to various terms of imprisonment for similar political offenses. Not one of these sentences has, as yet, been carried out.

In the interim, the customary anti-Semitic measures adopted by countries in spiritual if not physical alliance with Germany are being increased day by day.

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An appraisal by a British historian of the present-day balance of power; a plan by a German military expert for the conquest of Czechoslovakia.

The Road *to* War

I. The Balance of Powers

By G. P. Gooch

From the *Contemporary Review*, London Conservative Monthly

AT THE beginning of the World War there were eight Great Powers. At the end there were seven, for Austria-Hungary had disappeared. Five were in Europe—Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Russia; two outside—the United States and Japan. Four were satisfied with their share of the earth's surface, the four biggest. Three were not. The classification did not follow the simple dividing line of victory and defeat. Russia was beaten and lost territory, yet she was contented with her lot. Italy and Japan were on the winning side and gained territory, yet they complained that they had less than their deserts. If all the seven Great Powers were satisfied, there would be little fear of war. If all were dissatisfied, the outlook would be even darker than it is. The existence of even a single large State, armed to the teeth and passionately convinced that it has not had a fair deal, is a standing menace to peace, and now there are three. While each of them pursued an independent course, it was formidable enough. Since they became working partners the danger is enormously increased, all the more because the four satisfied Powers can boast of no such intimate association. What Hitler calls the world triangle hangs like a sword of Damocles over our heads. Here indeed is the fundamental cause of the renewal of the armament race, of mounting deficits, of the terror which grips our hearts, of the utter uncertainty as to what may happen next week, next month or next year.

Let us deal first with the two non-European Powers. Japan is still in the stage of deliberate empire-building. So long as the mood of aggressive Imperialism prevails in Tokyo any friend is welcome who will help her toward

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her goal. For nineteen years Great Britain was her ally. But Great Britain's decision not to renew the alliance when it ran out in 1921, however wise it may have seemed at the time, was bitterly resented and was the prelude to a reorientation of Japanese policy.

For a decade she lay low, biding her time. Then in 1931 she struck at China, braving the displeasure of the British Empire and the United States. With the triumph of Hitler, she saw her chance of substituting her enemy in the World War for the ally who had thrown her over when she had played her part. There were points of contact with the new Germany. Both were dissatisfied with their share of the earth's surface, both were old enemies of Russia, both were the sworn foes of Communism, both abhorred the League of Nations and all its works.

The notorious anti-Communist pact of November, 1936, pledged the two governments to combat Communism, but, as they were doing so already, it was difficult to believe that no other object was in view. Russia was not mentioned in the document, but everybody knew that antagonism to Russia was the *raison d'être* of the *rapprochement*. Whether there were secret articles of a political or military character we do not know. What is clear is that Japan is now working with Germany, as she had once worked with Great Britain. In a war between Japan and Russia, the reconciliation with Germany would prove of immense and possibly decisive significance to Japan. On the other hand Italy's subsequent adherence to the anti-Communist pact was an ideological demonstration rather than a serious addition to the anxieties of Moscow.

Can we say that the United States is likely to redress the balance thus tilted in Germany's favor by her *rapprochement* with Japan? Everyone knows that we dare not answer in the affirmative. American sentiment was outraged and American commercial interests were damaged by the rape of Manchuria, but not even Mr. Stimson ventured to propose an economic boycott of the aggressor. Americans looked with horror on the rape of Ethiopia, but there was no thought of taking action. Americans abhor the Nazi régime, its cult of violence, its contempt for law, its savage persecution of the Jews, its insane attack on the Churches, its detestable system of arbitrary arrest, concentration camps, torture, confiscation and espionage. Yet there is no feeling that it is their business to interfere. Of the seven Great Powers the United States is the most politically and psychologically detached.

The return of Russia into the European game, after a decade of voluntary quarantine, ranks among the most significant events of the post-War world. Confronted by the resumption of Japanese aggression on the one hand and by the victory of Hitler on the other, Moscow sensed the perils of isolation, entered the League of Nations, revived the old partnership with France and found a new ally in Czechoslovakia. That the Bolshevists would like their system to spread over the world is no secret, and the range of their propaganda is only limited by prudential considerations. But the attribution by the Nazis of aggressive intentions to Moscow is pure nonsense. The third largest empire in the

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world covets no territory and has its hands full in developing its immense estate.

That Russia will vigorously defend herself if attacked is beyond all doubt. That she will fulfill her obligations to France or Czechoslovakia in case of need is highly probable. That she will herself start the avalanche is out of the question. Those who are fortunate enough to live at the other end of Europe can regard her with somewhat greater detachment than her immediate neighbors. She is no more democratic than Germany or Italy. But in a world highly charged with explosive possibilities, and at a time when the principles of Western civilization are trampled underfoot by Hitler and Mussolini, one should be glad that Russia stands for peace.

II

Hitler's rise to power in 1933 is beyond question the most important event in European history since the end of the War. Today Germany is no longer isolated and is rapidly becoming the strongest Power in Europe. Hitler's chief claim to the support of his countrymen is that he has ended the dictation of France and broken the fetters of Versailles. He has restored conscription, created a formidable air force, begun the building of a fleet to dominate the Baltic, refortified the Rhineland, disarmed the hostility of Poland by a ten-year pact of peace, accepted a 2:5 ratio in a naval agreement with Great Britain, ravished Austria and helped to form the Rome-Berlin Axis. After the War our eyes turned hopefully to Geneva; today they turn anxiously to Berlin. For twenty years Bismarck bestrode Europe like a colossus, and all the world waited on his smiles or frowns. Today a far smaller man sits in the Wilhelmstrasse, but the fate of every one of us is in his hands. If war is to be our portion, it is he who will hurl the thunderbolt.

What use will he make of Germany's recovery of her armed strength? Dictators live by prestige, for they have no roots in the past and they know their time is short. Thus there is always a danger that megalomania or internal discontent may drive them to a desperate gamble, as Napoleon III gambled in 1870 and lost. Yet there is no reason to suppose that war is a fixed point in the program of the man who sits brooding over the map. Like other people, he would greatly prefer to reach his goal by peaceful means. If he were beaten, he and his system would disappear in the twinkling of an eye.

After the march into the Rhineland Hitler announced that the era of surprises was over. Yet the greatest surprise—the rape of Austria—was still to come, and there may well be others ahead. Believing as he does in the gospel of race, he is to be classed, not with the Imperialists who are eager to conquer alien races, but with the Pan-Germans who dream of gathering in the sheep outside the fold. But though it is intrinsically a more defensible principle, it may prove equally dangerous in practice. The majority have already been incorporated, for Austria has been absorbed. The Germans in Transylvania and Memel are far away. Danzig could hardly be reunited without a Polish war. South Tyrol is left to the tender mercies of Mussolini as the price of the Rome-Berlin partnership. But if the dictators drift apart, the Tyrolese will quickly find

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themselves subjects of the Reich, for Hitler has shown us what his promises are worth. Alsace cannot be reunited except after a smashing victory over the Western Powers. But today our gaze is fixed not on these territories but on Prague.

Nobody imagines that Hitler has only just awakened to the grievances of the Germans beyond the borders of Bavaria, Saxony and Silesia; but he knows how to wait as well as how to strike. By the seizure of Austria, Germany added seven millions to her population, enlarged her supply of iron and timber, became the neighbor of Italy, Hungary and Yugoslavia, increased her power to exercise political and economic pressure in Southeastern Europe and enormously enhanced her prestige. The rapidly growing power of Germany and the boldness of the Führer's lightning strokes stand in stark contrast to the apparent lack of virility of the Western Powers. The passivity of Great Britain and France, despite their vital strategic interests in the Mediterranean, while Franco marches to victory with Italian and German support, has produced an impression throughout Europe almost amounting to stupefaction. What has happened to the British lion, people ask, that it has ceased to roar when its tail is twisted again and again? No wonder that the little States ask themselves whether it would not be wise to make terms with Berlin before it is too late.

Prague is at last prepared to make substantial concessions to the German and other minorities. Will they solve, either temporarily or permanently, the problem which brought Europe to the brink of war on May 21?

The problem has two aspects, internal and external, and the latter is the most intractable. So long as Prague and Moscow are allies, even the complete removal of domestic injustices and inequalities, we are assured from Berlin, would not suffice. As Hitler sees it, the alliance of France, Russia and Czechoslovakia is a perpetual threat to the security of Germany and a challenge to European civilization.

It is apparently useless to point out that the alliances of France and Czechoslovakia, both predominantly bourgeois countries, were not made till 1935, and that there was no thought of such a combination till Hitler came to the helm. France, Russia and Czechoslovakia, being fully satiated Powers, have no urge to rob their neighbors, quite apart from the absurdity of wantonly challenging such a formidable Power as Germany. The alliance is as purely defensive in fact as it is in form. It is premature to decide whether it was wise to make it, for the drama is still running its course. But once made it cannot be torn up at the behest of the man whose potential enmity called it into being.

III

Assuming that Hitler contents himself this summer with an improvement of the status of the Sudeten, what of the future? A vital element in his calculations must be his relations with Italy. For seventeen years after the War the three Western Powers which had combined to defeat Germany in 1914 formed a bloc which was destroyed by Mussolini's aggression in 1935. Finding himself alone and angrily resenting the imposition of sanctions, he looked around for a new

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friend. Where could he find an outstretched hand save in Berlin? The Rome-Berlin Axis was the offspring of the Ethiopian adventure, and when the war was over, the partnership remained.

The dictators thereupon proceeded to pool their policy. Franco's rebellion provided a welcome opportunity of coöperation. A Central European *bloc* had been created which challenged the hegemony of Great Britain, France and Russia. The pattern of pre-War Europe re-emerged. Germany, Austria and Italy were in one camp, Great Britain, France, Czechoslovakia and Russia in the other. The vertical and horizontal lines cross in Prague.

At the opening of the present year Mr. Chamberlain was so alarmed by the strength and hostility of the Hitler-Mussolini combination that he decided to liquidate the Anglo-Italian quarrel by a conditional promise to recognize the conquest of Ethiopia. Convinced that nothing could be done for the moment at Berlin, he believed the tension could be diminished by blunting the Rome end of the Axis. Whether the Anglo-Italian Treaty was an especially wise step it is too early to decide. The recognition of the rape of Ethiopia is a moral humiliation for the Power which led the campaign of sanctions, all the more since it has never recognized the fruits of aggression in Manchuria.

The seizure of Austria was the shock of Mussolini's life. After the foul murder of Dollfuss by the Nazis in 1934, he had proclaimed that he would stand by her to the end. Yet when she vanished he made no sign. No Italian could welcome the Germans on the Brenner. In the twinkling of an eye the Rome-Berlin Axis was transformed into the Berlin-Rome Axis. To use Bismarck's familiar simile, Germany was henceforth the rider, Italy the horse. Hitler's fraternal embrace was becoming too tight to be comfortable. In that hour Mussolini realized the advantages of a *rapprochement* with Great Britain, or, to put it more crudely, of having one foot in each camp.

On the other hand, the Anglo-Italian *rapprochement* can never be watertight while France and Italy, as Mussolini remarked, are on different sides of the Spanish barricade. The Duce is resolved that Franco shall win, while France needs a Government at Madrid on whose benevolent neutrality she can rely in the event of war. For her communications with Africa are as vital to her as the maintenance of Belgian independence is to us. Yet she has felt unable to take a strong line against Italian aggression in Spain lest it should lead to a general conflagration. If another struggle is inevitable she wishes to face Germany on her eastern frontier with her undivided strength. Her armaments are large and steadily increasing, but Germany has now nearly double her population.

France knows that she is too weak to insure her own safety, and for that reason she looks to Great Britain. But Great Britain also looks to her. The British frontier, as Lord Baldwin declared, is on the Rhine. She is tied to France by the doctrine of the Balance of Power, which has been the masterkey to her policy for four centuries, and by a common attachment to free institutions. While the two great democracies stand together, with the United States in the background, there is no fear of totalitarian autoc-

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racy suffocating Europe from the Urals to the Atlantic.

Foreign visitors constantly inquire why the British Government seems so unwilling to stand up to the truculent dictators. The answer, no doubt, is twofold. Firstly, British armaments are not yet up to a major emergency. Secondly, public opinion is too deeply divided for the Government to take uninsurable risks. Then what is its policy here and now? To defend France, Belgium, Portugal and Egypt in case of attack in accordance with its treaty obligations. To prepare for the worst by piling up all means of defense. To seek opportunities of settlement with potential foes. To inform possible aggressors that a conflagration once started, for instance in Czechoslovakia, is almost certain to bring Great Britain in.

Germany is dissatisfied and she has some good reasons for dissatisfaction. But Great Britain cannot satisfy her at other people's expense. Shall Great Britain restore her share of her colonial empire, or at any rate some portion of it? Not, we rightly reply, as an isolated transaction but only, if at all, in return for some solid contribution to the stabilization of peace. So long as Hitler demands the unconditional return of the German colonies there is nothing to be done. No party in the British Parliament would consider an arrangement which presented a potential foe with submarine and air bases in the heart of Africa.

The misuse of their victory by the Allies is a heartbreaking story of lost opportunities. It was a tragic mistake to impose the Treaty of Versailles on a proud nation, to refuse oral discussion, to keep Germany out of the League, to demand impossible reparations, to invade the Ruhr. The Locarno policy came too late to undo the mischief and it was not followed up. Briand disappeared, and Barthou was as blind as Poincaré. We are reaping what we have sown. Mr. Lansbury's plan of a round-table conference would lead nowhere; for economic concessions do not carry one very far, and countries are not in the habit of surrendering their property, however politely the request is made. At the moment no master-stroke of conciliation seems possible.

II. When Lightning Strikes Czechoslovakia

By Colonel Conrad

Translated from *Der Deutsche in Polen*, Posen Catholic German-Language Weekly

[*A prize was recently offered by the German Military Academy for the best outline of an attack on Czechoslovakia. The prize-winning plan, printed below, is an elaboration of Adolf Hitler's own ideas of* 'Blitzkrieg.' *A remarkable military document, it shows clearly what would have happened to Czechoslovakia if the German intentions of May 21st had not been nipped in the bud—at least temporarily.* The Editors]

AN ATTACK on Czechoslovakia cannot be spoken of as a campaign in the ordinary sense. The outstanding feature of it is that the whole action must be concluded within fourteen days at the most, and, if at all

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possible, in a shorter time. After fourteen days there should be no Czech army left. The world must be confronted with a *coup* achieved at lightning speed (*blitzartig*); the troops which carry out the operation must be ready in the shortest time for eventual use in the West, in case France decides to help its ally and seeks to contest the decisions.

This line of thought takes on finality from the fact that Germany cannot wage a long war; the dearth of raw materials demands the quickest possible conclusion of a campaign.

For all these reasons, attack against Czechoslovakia demands a mass concentration of troops and war materials to smash every resistance in the shortest time and make plain to the enemy the hopelessness of resistance. Only a swift shattering of the enemy can prevent the formation of resistant units, as in Spain, where the war is prolonged and intervention made easier. On the other hand, especially since March 13th, the strategic situation of Czechoslovakia is hopeless if a concentrated attack were to come from north, west and south and the Czech army not allowed to dig in. Here the 'Cannae' method—on account of the limited area and the impossibility of retreat—could be fully achieved. A condition for success is mass concentration and swiftest advance, the objective being a decisive battle, since every day lost carries immeasurable dangers in itself.

It is assumed, on the one hand, that France and Russia are in military alliance with Czechoslovakia, that Poland is still allied to France, and Czechoslovakia is still a member of the Little Entente. On the other hand, the German-Polish Agreements, as well as the attitude of Poland, rule out any help of Czechoslovakia from Warsaw. There might, indeed, be a Polish march into the district of Teschen. Hungary, too, will probably march into Slovakia. As a military factor, the 'Little Entente' is negligible. Today Yugoslavia stands outside any combination against the Reich. Rumania is incapable of action.

No help could come from the Soviet Union, at least during the period of the great campaign against Prague. The Red Army could not, even if it wanted, be on Czechoslovakian soil in time to alter the fate of Prague. The way over the small roadless Carpatho-Russia is unsuitable for large troop movements, even if Rumania conceded the right of way, which is still doubtful. Troops from Vienna and Ratibor could easily and with small forces block the line of advance of the Red Army, because of these topographical difficulties and of the mountainous character of the country. Poland and Hungary would also be bound to meet such a Russian advance, which would be a threat to their most vital interests. An attack at sea, in the present condition of the Russian fleet, would be hopeless; we could with ease repulse such an attack.

There is left the Soviet air arm. In material and quantity it is considerable, but Poland would in no case permit flight over her territory and so there remains only the way over Carpatho-Russia and over the Baltic Sea. We must and could meet these attacks, all the more as the Russians would have to fight so far from their base of operations. To these facts must be added unpleasant eventualities for Moscow from the Far East.

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The decisive fact, however, is that in consequence of Stalin methods, Russia for the time being is incapable of making war.

There remains France as the one and, indeed, very important factor. If she takes automatic action, with all the means at her disposal, a dangerous long war could ensue. But there are strong objections. France's mobilization requires so much time that in the interim the fate of Prague might be decided. It is doubtful whether the French people, faced with a completely mobilized and already victorious Germany, could be easily persuaded to embark upon a devastating war to help a Czechoslovakia whose fate is already sealed. It is more likely that France, unless threatened, would accept a *fait accompli*.

Thus the situation might be as follows: In the East defensive air operations and fleet concentration would suffice to repel every Russian air attack. The understanding with Poland enables us to expose our Eastern boundaries. Our available troops on the Western frontier, along with our aircraft and fortifications, would suffice for defense against an advance of the French troops not yet fully mobilized.

II

We find ourselves in such a position that the troops which are to operate against Czechoslovakia do not need to be mobilized, for a large part of these troops always remain mobile. The mobilization of the remaining army could follow quietly, while the invading army is already marching on to Prague.

While in the East the East-Prussian troops and the Landwehr formations would be concentrated for sentry duty at the Polish frontier, Army Division I would have the task of guarding the West and of defending itself against a possible French attack. In this it would be supported by Air Squadron West and the powerful Western fortifications. They would have the task of defending themselves and holding up the enemy until Czechoslovakia has been finished. Only then could an offensive on our side be thought of. Punitive expeditions in the air could, however, be undertaken, as a reply to French air attacks. But here, too, a strictly defensive attitude is imperative, to prevent a psychological change on the part of France, which is today averse to fighting; the same is true for England.

The Czechoslovak army is not a unity. It is unthinkable that the Sudeten German soldiers would fight against us. The same can be said about the Magyars. The Slovaks, too, would fight without much enthusiasm.

The Czechs themselves are not a warrior nation. During the latter centuries they had no military tradition. It is quite possible that when they are threatened by betrayal among their own ranks and confronted by superior power and attack from all sides, their morale and military efficiency would go to pieces. On the other hand, they have a really excellent armament for a small country; the Skoda Works must certainly be taken seriously. The leadership, too, has much improved in recent times. The will to fight exists in wide circles, but there is no doubt whatever that, as human material, the German infantry, for example, is far ahead of the Czechs.

To this must be added the enormous

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superiority of power and the closing in of our troops from all sides, so that among officers and men the idea of the hopelessness must strike home. We *must* operate with this enormous concentration of force, for otherwise the Czechs might try—as in Spain—to form units of resistance. And it has been proved that well-armed troops can for a long time successfully resist even a superior foe. In the course of such a struggle even inferior troops —like the Spanish militia, for example—can strongly gain in morale.

III

It is to be expected that the action will take place in connection with occurrences in the Sudeten German territory. It is not the business of the Army to be concerned with the how and why. Consequently the entry into the Sudeten German Territory must follow on a wide front. The IIIrd and IVth Army Divisions are scheduled for this task; they must ruthlessly attack with the tank corps (*Panzertruppen*) after the strong, illegal S. A. and S. S. troops have infiltrated into the area. Together with the Sudeten Germans they have the task of blowing up and destroying the enemy movement. As the entry is an act of liberation and would presumably follow without a declaration of war, little time would be left to Prague for the organization of resistance. On the other hand, the Czechs have made preparations. The most recent Mobilization Orders call for 'Positions within 6 hours.'

The blow must be so powerful that the enemy has no time to pull himself together again. Hence the tank corps and particularly the motorcyclist gunners (*Kraftschützen*) must bite into the enemy, never let go of him and transform his retreat into flight and panic. In order to force the enemy to flee, the air arm, as in Spain, has the task of demoralizing him. Incessant and devastating air attacks on Prague, Brünn and other centers must break him to pieces and destroy the base communications. The so-called Czechoslovakian Maginot Line must, under all circumstances, be forced, and the enemy must be prevented, above all, from getting away even partially intact.

While these attacks are taking place over the Böhmerwald, Erzgebirge, Riesen and Isergebirge, and especially near the Grafschaft Glatz, the new Army Division V, Vienna, has the task of attacking from the South, toward the Northeast of Lower Austria—Vienna—in order to cut off the retreat of the enemy army struggling in Northern Bohemia; in the North, the Army advancing from Upper Silesia has the same objective. The union of the advancing armies from the North and South, from Lower Austria and Upper Silesia, might lead to the capitulation of the main Czech forces on the one hand and the closing, on the other, of the Carpatho-Russian and Slovak corridor to the Russians, while the Danube flotilla, supported by small troop contingents, would capture Bratislavia. In this case, Hungary might attack in order to take Slovakia.

One of the main objectives in the whole operation must be to reach Prague and go even further. This should be the outstanding objective of the Tank Corps and it must be reached. It has been shown that in modern warfare, psychology plays

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an important part. That the attack on Addis-Ababa succeeded was a main reason for Italy's success in Ethiopia; that Madrid did not fall in the autumn of 1936 is one of the main reasons for the slow progress of the Franco offensive. A further point is that the capture of Prague would put the care and administration of the whole country into confusion. The push, therefore, *must* be carried to Prague and beyond. Everything must be aimed at this goal and the heaviest sacrifice must not be shunned to achieve it.

If the great forces of the enemy are put out of action in the first attack, then the troops of Army Division IV must turn to support Army Division II, so as to strengthen the control of the West. This situation would be reached with the fall of Prague. In proportion, as the war zone is reduced—that is, after the occupation of Bohemia and Mähren—the dispatching of other troops to the West should follow. By the time the French have mobilized, not only must the operations against Czechoslovakia have been carried out, but the transportation of troops to the West should be virtually completed, so that the risk which France is undertaking should be felt in full—in case France does not attack automatically.

When and whether the operations shall take place is not a concern of the Army leadership but of the political leadership of the Reich, above all of the Führer, upon whom the final decision as well as full responsibility rests. A criticism of politics under such circumstances seems meaningless. The one duty of the military authorities is to concentrate on the attainment of the objective. This is their sole duty.

Riddle Me This

The Non-Intervention Committee once more
Sets a riddle uncommonly pretty—
Say, will the Committee first finish the War,
Or the War finish off the Committee?

—Sagittarius

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Here are the economic forces behind Japan's military activities in Asia.

Japan's Economic Royalists

By NEIL SKENE SMITH

From the *Economist*, London Financial Weekly

IN CONSIDERING the leading figures in Japanese life, it should be remembered that often the men at the top, though important, are not the chief power in the group to which they belong, whether they are managing directors, generals or Cabinet Ministers. In the East, the real leaders stay behind the scenes, and can only be approached by indirect means.

It is estimated that in Japan, with its national income of some 13,000 million yen ($6,500,000,000 at par, or about $3,621,800,000 at the current rate of exchange*), there are only a few hundred persons who pay taxes on incomes exceeding 100,000 yen a year. In addition, there are said to be some 10,000 smaller active investors and speculators in the main financial centers, particularly in Tokyo and Osaka. These few persons, together with certain officers in the fighting services and various Government officials, are the economic leaders of Japan. They compete or coöperate with one another in an electric atmosphere, supercharged with currents of intense group rivalry and semi-feudal loyalties.

For the last six years the fighting services have been calling the tune, and the capitalists have paid the piper to the extent of about a thousand million yen per annum. The services, like most Japanese institutions, are united against foreign interference and against any group at home which seems to hamper their progress. They are divided, however, into a number of complex and often traditional cliques, whose relative positions rise and fall with fluctuations in the national fortunes.

First, there are the Southwestern military families. These families, after two-and-a-half centuries of unwilling and only partial submission to the Tokugawa dictators, joined with other

* The par rate of exchange for the yen is approximately 2 to the dollar, and the current rate 3.60 to the dollar. The internal value of the yen has not depreciated nearly as much as the external value. In estimating internal conditions, therefore, the par rate, which we are using, is a better guide than the current rate of exchange.

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discontented groups of soldiers in restoring the political status of the Imperial family in the Restoration of 1868. They have naturally endeavored to retain their control over military and naval affairs.

Secondly, there are certain younger officers (particularly those from poverty-stricken Northern districts), who in the depression of 1930–31 were dissatisfied with their own chances of promotion and with the living conditions in their villages. General Araki, the new Minister of Education, was for a time popular with this group.

Thirdly, across the sea, the Kwantung Army has been busily building up the Manchukuo State, often with scant attention to the immediate needs of the homeland. Their former Chief of Staff, Itagaki, is now War Minister.

Fourthly, there was, until recently, the Tientsin garrison, which desired the removal from power in North China of all anti-Japanese administrators.

A fifth influence is the garrison in Korea, whose former Governor-General, General Ugaki (who attempted unsuccessfully to form a Government in Tokyo last year), has now become Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Last, but not least, is the Navy, which has its own internal factions, but which invariably strives to protect its interests and prestige against the Army.

Since the war an attempt has been made to coördinate these rival forces by setting up Imperial Headquarters, a supreme body in charge of all military and naval matters, which exercises a tremendous influence over the Cabinet.

Private business and industry, apart from agriculture, small-scale trading and domestic workshops, are largely in the hands of four powerful family groups. The Mitsui and Sumitomo groups date back for several centuries. The Mitsubishi and Yasuda groups came to the forefront soon after the middle of the last century. All four groups are now being confronted by the 'Shinko' (literally, 'New Rise') groups, which have developed during the past thirty years. Their combined financial power, however, is probably still less than that of the Mitsui family alone.

II

Of the Big Four Families Mitsui is still the most powerful. The Mitsui family is descended from a soldier who, a thousand years ago, restored for a time the secular power of the Imperial family. They entered business in the early seventeenth century and carried on sauce-brewing, pawnbroking and, later, cloth selling. After building up large connections as Government money-exchange agents and financiers, they became the leading financiers of Old Japan; and they played a large part in safeguarding government funds during the first years of Modern Japan. The rapid expansion of Japan's trade and territory carried them from strength to strength, and only in the last decade has their domination been checked.

The Sumitomo, next of the Big Four in seniority, were in charge of important metal mines in the Shogunate days, and had some control over the minting of coinage. They also were able quickly to adjust their mining and financial activities to the new state of affairs.

The Mitsubishi concern, which is controlled by the Iwasaki family, pioneered in ocean shipping during the first years after the Restoration. This business led them on to coal-mining, shipbuilding and heavy industry, and

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their influence grew rapidly during these years of industrial revolution.

Finally, Yasuda began his apprenticeship to a small money exchange dealer in Yedo (now Tokyo) ten years before the Restoration. By dint of careful speculation in currency during the eventful first years of the new Government, he acquired sufficient capital to enable him to play a large financial part in the wars with China and Russia. He was assassinated in 1921, at the age of eighty-four, but his family remains in charge of all the interests he acquired.

Each of the Big Four is controlled through a family holding company, as shown in the table below.* The capital of these holding companies, in fact, gives little idea of their actual strength. They have large interests in almost all branches of Japanese economic development and are the greatest 'wealth-cliques' in the country.

In banking, naturally, these concerns are all-powerful. At the end of 1936, they held about 40 per cent of the deposits of all the ordinary Japanese banks. Two other groups held 19 per cent. In life insurance, although they have not been engaged in the business for very many years, they held 20 per cent of the reserve funds of all Japanese companies. In marine, fire and accident insurance, their predominance is much greater, their holdings amounting to nearly three-quarters of the national total. Again, of the property held in trust by Japanese trust companies, firms managed by the Big Four were in charge of two-thirds of the total.

Their commercial and industrial interests are no less important. In Japan's cotton textile industry, three firms handle, between them, from 70 to 80 per cent of imported raw cotton and some 40 per cent of total exports of manufactures. Both Mitsui and Mitsubishi handle raw silk through their two companies, Mitsui Bussan and Mitsubishi Shoji, which are the largest foreign trading institutions in the country. The chief shipping line, Nippon Yusen Kaisha and its subsidiaries are closely connected with Mitsubishi, who were the founders of Japan's modern mercantile marine.

While Mitsui specialize in light industries, Mitsubishi and Sumitomo have concentrated rather on mining, engineering and the heavy industries. They have invested several hundred million yen in shipbuilding, aircraft manufacture, dock management, electrical equipment and armament manufacture, the chemical industry and mining production of all kinds. Mitsui, however, own a mining company with a capital of 100 million yen and engage in the production of electrical switchboards, in the electro-chemical industry, and in numerous branches of engineering.

The interests of the great families in the armaments industries, as might be expected, is considerable. According to a recent calculation in the *Oriental*

*

Holding Company	*Nature*	Paid-up Capital (in million yen)
Mitsui Gomei Kaisha	Unlimited partnership	300
Mitsubishi Goshi	Limited partnership	120
Sumitomo Goshi	Limited partnership	150
Yasuda Hozensha	Special Trust Co.	30

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Economist, by Toyo Keizai, Japan's armament concerns have a paid-up capital of 748 million yen ($373,000,000), 90 per cent of which is under the control of a dozen large and medium-sized family groups. The biggest nine of these own nearly 80 per cent of the total capital and three of them belong to members of the Big Four.

III

The list of industries controlled by these family concerns extends beyond textiles, engineering and armaments. The Oji Paper Trust—a huge concern which produces 750,000 tons of paper annually and controls the greater part of the entire Japanese output—is a 'side company' of Mitsui. Japan has the largest output of plate glass of any country in the world, and her chief manufacturing company is Asahi Glass, 59 per cent of whose shares are owned by Mitsubishi. Japan's coal resources are somewhat limited, and much of the power used in her industry is derived from hydroelectric plants, in which the Big Four have large shareholding interests.

Altogether, recent estimates have suggested that sums equal to 60 per cent of the 21,000 million yen ($10,500,000,000) invested in all Japanese joint-stock companies are controlled by these concerns; and that Mitsui alone accounts for 5,000 million yen, or nearly 25 per cent of the total. These interests have, clearly, given a high rate of return recently, to judge by the figures given by the Mitsubishi Economic Research Bureau.

The capital of the Big Four's holding companies is owned by the chief members of the family, who are required to conform in each case to the Family Constitution. In the Mitsui group this constitution is about two centuries old. Actual day-to-day administration, however, is largely in the hands of one or more distinguished '*Banto*' (literally 'head watchmen') such as Nanjo of Mitsui, Ishikawa of Mitsubishi, Kozo Mori of Yasuda and, until recently, Toyotaro Yuki of Sumitomo. Mr. Seihin Ikeda, the new Minister of the Departments of Finance and Commerce, was formerly the chief *Banto* of Mitsui.

These great businesses have a pyramidal structure, with a holding company at the top controlling the main operating companies and the 'side-line' concerns. Each of these two classes of company has numerous subsidiaries, which frequently, in turn, have smaller companies largely dependent upon them. In addition, the families enjoy extensive control of outside businesses to which their banking, insurance and trust organizations supply funds. Yasuda, in fact, has few direct manufacturing activities. Like the industrial banks of pre-War Germany, it exercises control chiefly through its lending power.

Before the last depression set in, all the family concerns were busy expanding, studying conditions abroad and modernizing their constitutions so far as the traditional framework allowed. Although they had set their faces against trade unionism, their more enlightened leaders were conscious that they must pay increasing attention to the social consequences of their policy. Simultaneously, the younger members of the Big Four staffs became very dissatisfied with their chances of promotion. Accordingly, Mitsui, under the direction of Mr. Ikeda, took the lead in introducing a

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policy of 'slewing-round'—to use the Japanese journalistic term. This policy involved the large-scale donation of funds to national social organizations and reduced the tendency of big business to monopolize all branches of trade. The big concerns sold a considerable portion of their shares to the general public and made arrangements for the automatic retirement of senior staff members, including directors, between the ages of fifty and sixty.

Although this reorientation of policy did not increase the popularity of the big concerns, it showed the military that their criticisms were not without effect. Meanwhile, after the absorption of Government armament bonds by the Japanese market had proceeded satisfactorily for some years, there were signs, in 1936, of hesitation, both among the large capitalists and in the Cabinet, to support continued budget deficits. The revolt of February, 1936, however, convinced them of the necessity of accepting their position with a good grace; and they were prepared to intensify their efforts when the war with China started.

Today they are becoming increasingly aware of two factors: first, the vast potentialities which are being opened up in China for the production of coal, iron, steel, raw cotton and electric power; and, secondly, their own need for foreign capital.

IV

Other long-established family groups beside the Big Four, have played an important part in the rise of modern Japan. The relations of these smaller concerns to the Big Four have, on occasions, been close. Several of their managing families are connected by marriage with the main families of the Big Four, to whose subsidiary companies they frequently subscribe. On the other hand, the Big Four often take up their debentures.

No picture of industrial Japan today would be complete without some mention of the newer 'Shinko' groups, whose influence has grown rapidly in the last five years. The most striking of these groups is led by Yoshisuke Aikawa, a trained engineer of fifty-seven years. After gaining experience in America, Aikawa in 1910 founded the Tobata Casting Works, with capital borrowed from his relations. In 1928 he bought up, at ridiculously low prices, shares in the Kuhara Mining Company, part of which he sold to the public after the armament boom of 1931, at eight or nine times their earlier quotations. The mining firm was then separated from the main company, which became an open holding company, Nissan (or Japan Production).

On the eve of the present Chinese war, Yoshisuke Aikawa controlled companies with a capital of 500 million yen and with 95,000 employees, in the mining, engineering, electric power, chemical, trawling and fishing, phonograph, wireless and match industries. He has also taken the lead in motor-car production in Japan. His policy of offering shares to the public, his successful handling of relations with foreign companies and his willingness to take considerable business risks have combined to render him *persona grata* in military circles. The establishment of the Army-controlled Manchukuo Government brought the meteoric Aikawa to the forefront. The South Manchurian Railway, which controls nearly all the railways in

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Manchuria, North China and part of Korea, has, in addition to its purely transport activities, developed most of Manchuria's coal, iron and gold mining; also gas, electricity, water supplies, docks, engineering works, modern hotels and newspapers. The authorities, impatient with this monopoly and anxious for the rapid economic expansion of the new State, entrusted the development of mining, iron and steel production and engineering in Manchuria, together with many other industrial interests of the S.M.R., to Aikawa, retaining, however, half of the shares in the enterprise. Mr. Aikawa, in short, has spread his net widely over both war-time and peace-time industries, and his family is connected, by marriage, with the Mitsubishi leaders and with several other big concerns.

These new concerns do not approach the older families in capital power. They are of prime importance, however, in shaping the modern development of Japan, since they have applied Western methods to Japanese industry. For example, they are already taking a leading part in the manufacture of ammonium sulphate, where three Shinko concerns are among the 'Big Six' which together own nine-tenths of Japan's productive capacity. The business of the newer concerns has been built up with noteworthy skill and dispatch; so much so, that Japan is now largely self-sufficient in chemicals and electrical apparatus and will shortly turn her energies to the production of high-quality machines.

In general, the new concerns, like the old, follow the family system. They are, however, far more than the older groups, the product of a small number of enterprising individuals; and although their interests are widespread, they are, on the whole, rather more specialized. Perhaps their most significant feature is the part that armament expenditure has played in their recent development. Their prosperity, however, will depend ultimately upon their ability to turn their activities to peaceful ends. For this reason, they are particularly interested in the course of events in China, where, for centuries, public works, transport and, until recently, Western scientific methods have been neglected. Their coöperation in the war can be looked for as a matter of course.

V

Japanese plans for the economic exploitation of Chinese territories have found expression in the formation of three semi-Governmental companies. These are:—

1. The new China Federal Reserve Bank. Half of the bank's capital of 50 million yen is being provided by the Yokohama Specie Bank, the Industrial Bank of Japan and the Bank of Chosen (Korea) on behalf of the Provisional Peiping Administration. The other half is being provided by various Chinese banks.

2. The North China Development Company, with a capital of 350 million yen, half of which will be contributed by the Japanese Government (partly in kind).

3. The Central China Development Company, with a capital of 100 million yen, some 50 millions of which will be provided by the Japanese Government.

Both development companies may issue debentures to an amount equal to five times their paid-up capital.

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Their enterprises will engage in transport, communications, and the production of electric power, minerals, marine products, salt and other commodities.

Japanese economic leaders are now at the crossroads of nationalism and internationalism. They have steadily been building up the self-sufficiency of the Japanese Empire under tariff protection. They remain dependent, however, upon foreign countries, for imports of raw materials and the latest machinery, and if they are to bring about a rapid reconstruction in China, they will require foreign capital.

Meanwhile, Japan's economic development is still largely controlled by the Big Four, who play a leading part even in the semi-Governmental concerns. Their reputation among the people has improved with the realization that their activities are indispensable if the war is to be brought to a successful conclusion. The new concerns have supplemented rather than replaced the dynastic financial structures of the past.

All groups, including the military, the Government, the capitalists and the small traders and farmers, are at present working in harmony, but on any sign of collapse old jealousies would probably break out again. The greatest risk, from the point of view of Japan's economy, would be a war which dragged on indefinitely and offered little opportunity for investment yielding a positive return. A peace which hampered Japan's newly expanded industries would be disastrous to them; a victory would show whether those industries could be as effective in building up Chinese life as in destroying it.

Chinese Soldier

By W. H. Auden

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

Far from the heart of culture he was used:
Abandoned by his general and his lice,
Under a padded quilt he closed his eyes
And vanished. He will not be introduced
When this campaign is tidied into books:
No vital knowledge perished in his skull;
His jokes were stale; like wartime, he was dull;
His name is lost for ever like his looks.

Professors of Europe, hostess, citizen,
Respect this boy. Unknown to your reporters
He turned to dust in China that your daughters
Be fit to love the earth, and not again
Disgraced before the dogs; that where are waters,
Mountains and houses, may be also men.

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Is the vanishing of aristocracy in England and France due to economic oppressions or to social pessimism that is prevalent in the upper classes?

Old Order Changeth . . .

I. Britain's Vanishing Manors

By C. A. Lyon

From the *Sunday Express*, London Independent Conservative Weekly

BRITAIN'S great landed estates are slowly disappearing. One more of them, Clumber, once the center of a vast domain, has begun to fall beneath wreckers' picks a few weeks ago. By 1988, perhaps, the last of these vast tracts of land ruled over by dukes and earls will have vanished. As yet, however, they are still fairly numerous. Clumber may fall, but there are dozens of great landed estates, like Clumber was, still in full working order.

Lord Leconfield, the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Fitzwilliam, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Zetland, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Derby, Lord Berkeley, Lord Leicester, Lord Yarborough, Lord Clinton and Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, for instance, all own more than a hundred square miles each.

These vast estates are like little principalities, with their armies of workers, their villages, their woods, their quarries and their farms. The estate usually has its fifty or a hundred farms, with their families and workmen, its three or four villages, with their two or three hundred inhabitants each. The lord has care of the spiritual as well as the material well-being of these people, for he probably has the nomination of the parsons of his villages.

Consider the features of such a principality and how it is run. First, there are the woodlands. His lordship's woods, tended by many a keeper and a forester, may extend over 3,000 acres or more. They are the only part of the estate, except the park and perhaps the home farm, which he actually looks after himself. Until recently,

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these woods were of oak, with hazel growing in between as 'underwood.' The oak trees once went to build ships. The hazel made hurdles, fences and the hoops of beer barrels.

All this is changing. The owner can sell but few of his hurdles because of barbed-wire fencing and sheep netting. The hoops of beer barrels are now made of iron. So the old oak woods of Britain are gradually disappearing and are being replaced by fir tree forests, for the landowner can sell his fir trees to be cut up into deal or for pit props. He gets roughly 3 or 4 pounds for each tall tree. He may also use the wood for repairs on his own estate.

If he has beech trees—as many great estates of the South have—he will sell them to make furniture of the cheaper kind, or to make bobbins for the cotton mills. His head forester will watch the progress of everything, and will, or should, replant a section regularly every year.

Then come his farms. These may be compared to factories which a landowner puts up and which tenants come in and work in return for a rent. If an owner has an estate of 20,000 acres of agricultural land, he will have, perhaps, a hundred farmers as his tenants. If it is fair land, it will fetch about 15 shillings an acre, which will give him a rent roll of £15,000 a year.

II

A good landowner acts as a benevolent monarch to his farmers. In good times his hundred farmers pay their rents regularly. The landlord has no worries, and all is merriment and toasting at the audit dinner he gives them in his great dining-room once a year.

But in the past ten years Britain has gone through the biggest agricultural crisis she has ever had. It has been impossible for the farmers to pay the rents. Rather than lose good tenants a landowner has delved deep into his own pocket. He has cut the rent by 30 or even 50 per cent. There are many great agricultural estates where the proprietor has given up £5,000 a year to help his farmers. Some, on the other hand, have aided their farmers by keeping the rents the same and paying for their tenants' fertilizer. This is one argument in favor of the great estates. In bad times the proprietor stands as a buffer between his tenants and ruin.

The place where the farmer has felt the depression most acutely is East Anglia. There the great estates have been broken up. The farmers bought their holdings from the big owners after the War. Now they are saddled with their mortgages, and they have no overlord to help them through periods of distress.

The owner of a great estate sees his farmers but rarely. The man who deals with them mostly is the agent. The agent on a big estate is a most important person. He is something between a managing director and a Prime Minister. He has his offices, his chief clerk and half a dozen other clerks. He supervises the woodlands, sees to rents, finds new tenants to replace old, sells the wood, attends to the drainage, makes up the income-tax forms, keeps the roads in repair, orders repairs.

A whole community of people work on a great landed estate. First, there are the farm laborers. An average farm should have eight to ten laborers. In the present state of farming many

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farmers have to get along with five, but even that will give a regiment of a thousand workers on an estate of two hundred farms. And this is not counting the workers' families, who are all living in the landowner's cottages at rents of around 2 shillings a week. The laborers are, of course, only indirectly employed by the landlord and his agent, but the agent himself has also a large staff under his immediate control.

There will be eight to twenty gamekeepers ranging the woods and thickets. Twenty to thirty woodsmen are planting seedlings, lopping and felling trees. There is the clerk of the works with his staff of fifty or so bricklayers, carpenters and tilers, who go round repairing walls, houses, roofs, fences. There will be lodgekeepers, ten, twenty or even forty gardeners and, perhaps, one full-time fireman.

A big estate is to a large extent self-dependent, even as it was in centuries gone by. It lives on its own vegetables, and repairs are often done with timber from its own woods. Its roads are made with granite from its own quarries. New buildings are made with bricks from the lord's own brickfields. The domestic washing of the great house is done in its own laundry, and Blenheim and Arundel, to name only two, have their own waterworks. The estate may have its own sawmills, its own gasworks, even its own battery of the Royal Artillery. So you see that all over England there are still great estates that have changed little in their make-up since the Middle Ages.

III

But what of the pounds-shillings-pence? That is a doleful story. Imagine the landowner sitting in his study, going through the accounts with his faithful agent. He will find that practically all his rents vanish before they reach his hands. Suppose he has £10,000. After taxes, repairs, tithes and other outgoings have been paid out, he will be lucky if he receives 5 per cent of his rents, or £500. It may be £300, and sometimes it is less than nothing.

Now consider the expenses of running a mansion. The minimum staff necessary to run a great house is probably something like this:—

Butler
Four footmen
Housekeeper
Cook or chef
Six housemaids
Three kitchenmaids
Two still-room maids
Four laundry maids
Odd jobs man
Two chauffeurs
One or two electricians
Lady's maid
Valet
Two dairy maids
Two dairymen (for the home farm).

Altogether some thirty or more people. Their wages, even at £50 a year each, would be £1,500. So let us make out a little bill:—

Servants	£1,500
The rates and taxes on a big house may easily be	£1,000
Ten gardeners would cost	£ 700
Food for the staff alone must cost	£1,000
Heating and lighting	£ 200
Car upkeep	£ 300
Personal expenses of the owner and his family	£1,000
TOTAL	£5,700

Now, a wealthy man may have to pay half his income in tax. Therefore,

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to get upkeep money of £5,700, he will have to 'use up' £11,000 or more of his income. And the estate produces £500. These figures of expenditure are probably inadequate in any case.

It was stated in 1913 that it cost the Duke of Devonshire £12,000 a year to run Chatsworth House, Derbyshire, before anyone began to live in it. If staffs are smaller now, wages and other expenses are higher, so this figure is quite probably still true. And add to all this the fact that a landowner has to pay double the death duties of a business man. The business magnate can get 6 per cent on his capital to the landowner's 3 per cent. If they both have an income of £6,000, the business man will pay death duties on £100,000. The landowner will have to pay death duties on £200,000 and sell off some of his lands to do it.

So do you wonder that Clumber is pulled down? The surprising thing is that any of the great houses still stand. Not one of them in Britain is a paying proposition today. Not one could keep going for a year without outside help from coal revenues, town property, etc. Even so, a good many of them are on their beam ends. If you could go on a tour of this or that ducal domain, you would see doleful evidence of poverty and neglect—unpainted houses, uncut hedges, untiled roofs, uncleaned ditches.

IV

It seems hardly credible, and yet it is true, that the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire used to have four hundred and seventy people (including the servants) under the same roof on week-ends, as M. André Maurois vouches in his *King Edward and His Times*. Imagine, if the duke only spent £1 on each of the people in the house over the week-end—and many guests must have drunk that amount of champagne alone—his week-end party must have cost him £470.

How much of the grandeur, the pomp, the etiquette, the armies of servants remains today? Some, but not much. The Duke of Devonshire is still at Chatsworth. The famous greenhouse was demolished in 1920. It covered an acre; a carriage and four could, and did, go down the drive that ran down the middle.

But the Duke still has his great hall 60 feet long, his sculpture gallery 160 feet long, his row of beer barrels with the ducal arms emblazoned above each bung, his grand cascade and Emperor fountain, his paintings by Van Dyck, Tintoretto, Murillo, Kneller and Titian. The Duke of Norfolk is still at Arundel, and goes out occasionally in his state coach with powdered footmen. The Duke of Marlborough is still at Blenheim, yes, though *his* little province of farms lost £100,000 in the post-War slump.

Well, all that magnificence is now doomed, it seems—the vast parties, the eccentric dukes, the armies of tenants, the five-figure rent rolls, the processions of housemaids—all doomed. And, on the whole, I do not think we need shed too many bitter tears at the ending of the system. The ancestral history of some of the great landowners does not make elevating reading. For generations the families of the great landowners plundered the country in the holding of lucrative State and Church offices. They were little different from American political grafters of more recent times.

Many unsavory things were done to accumulate the money with which the

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great estates of Britain were sometimes acquired. And if the money is now going back to the country and the vast accumulation of land being broken up again—it is but the justice of time.

II. A Low in French High Society

By Marthe de Chambrun-Ruspoli

Translated from *Europe Nouvelle*, Paris Political and Literary Weekly

THERE is no denying that for the past twenty years the society of London and that of Paris have drawn more and more apart. During the Great War a fraternity of the battlefield was established, but the temporary bonds of that period have gradually weakened and fallen away. Before the War, the English used to come to Paris for relaxation and gaiety. To Edward VII, the grandfather of the present royal visitant, Paris, with its gay, carefree life, was a welcome refuge from dour Victorianism. Today it is another matter. The English, when they come, flash like meteors through the countryside, in a frantic burst of sightseeing. There is little or no intermingling of manners and customs. Even our *couturiers* no longer dress their women.

At the time of Edward VII, they had a better time in Paris than in London. Today the reverse is true. Paris did not stand very well the incursion of the automobile: this city has suffered more than other capitals from the disappearance of the carriages, with liveried footmen and matched horses, that used to trot in pairs along the Champs-Elysées, necks arched beneath the whip of the rubicund coachman.

And the English society is no longer the affected, stilted one of previous years. It has thrown overboard its Puritanism. It has become gay, lively, full of ideas, liberal and unprejudiced. It has been able to resist the black pessimism into which the depression has thrown other countries, France among them. In France it is another matter. French society has little by little crystalized into set forms. Its members think only of hoarding what is left of their depreciated francs and hiding tremblingly whatever possessions they have elsewhere. Today, the doors, which even before opened with difficulty, are hermetically closed. A few rare dinners are the occasion for a reunion of a few old habitués, but conversation drags because in this sphere people still prefer to wear blinkers. Is it possible that the Frenchmen are becoming bores?

There is some excuse for this state of things. Great fortunes have been dismembered by three generations of apportioned inheritances. The French society can no longer maintain its estates and at the same time entertain, for the expenses surpass the income. A few proprietors are reduced to living like farmers, even to milking their own cows, in order to keep their chateaux, which in their present state even the Government would not wish to take over. There seems no way out of these difficulties, except to marry money—and such marriages are seldom successful. The homes that the Kings of

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England used to visit during their excursions to France stand empty or have been sold. Most of the charming hostesses who in those days entertained so artistically and wittily are dead and none live that are worthy of taking their places. The society folk from across the Channel have no reason to come to Paris, except for brief stays, or to visit the theaters, which are nowadays our principal asset.

The pillars of French society could not weather the depression with the optimism characteristic of the British. They preferred to stop entertaining rather than to keep open their salons, in which the empty spaces on the walls, where the pictures used to hang, bear witness to the loss of confidence in their country. This is, indeed, how we differ fundamentally from the English aristocracy. They have never ceased to maintain the prestige of their country. In 1931, after going off the gold standard, the British said: 'We prefer not to talk about it.' In France one hears endless carping criticism of the country, some of the critics going so far as to express allegiance to other governments.

We have heard repeatedly that the English unemployed have taken to spending their vacations in Brittany. While this is an exaggeration, it is true that small steamers from Dover, Folkestone, and New-Haven every summer pour crowds of English tourists onto the French coast. But the select societies of the two countries have turned their backs on each other.

Is there any political importance in this fact? It is an open question; but we must remember, however, that British society is a nursery of statesmen, that it exerts great influence on the Government and that the British have a weakness for those countries on the continent whose style of living resembles their own. How else can one explain their kindness to Hungary? At any rate, it might be useful for France, in her national interests, to keep some vestiges of what in the past has been for her an element of prestige.

Common Denominator

For my own part, I have always found it significant and interesting that the two greatest musical nations in the world, the German and Italian, have both adopted the same form of government.

What is the explanation? I am at a loss to understand it.

—Lord Rothermere in *Daily Mail*, London.

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An intrepid French journalist visits a hidden, unconquered part of Ethiopia.

Ambush *in* Ethiopia

By J. F. RENAUD

Translated from *Regards*, Paris Popular Front Weekly

IN NO other organization is false information dispensed as amiably and with such wealth of detail as in the Italian propaganda bureaus. Facts, dates, statistics are given promptly upon request and with the most ravishing of smiles. It seems petty to object to the fact that they are entirely false. However, the best of jokes are bound to pall, and so, one day, after having a Fascist official assure me that Ethiopia was completely under Italian control and that its entire population had welcomed the conquerors with enthusiasm, I walked out of the place resolved to see for myself.

I need not enlarge upon the difficulties I encountered before I reached the as yet unconquered part of the new Italian empire. Naturally it was impossible to pass by the way of Djibuti where the border control is very strict. I got in through Kenya, using all possible forms of transportation from trains to the native pirogue; I spent a few weeks—the very ones during which Lord Halifax was preparing his famous Geneva speech on recognizing Italian conquest of Ethiopia—in the company of the warriors of the independent Ethiopia.

I found that there still is an independent Ethiopia which has its capital, Goré, its government, administration and army. In the company of intensely loyal natives I traversed the region from Bako to Mega—furthest Italian outpost in the southwest. I saw the harvests which were to feed the Italian invaders destroyed. I saw airplanes from Mega dropping tons of bombs into the jungle and filling the underbrush with poison gases by way of reprisal. I saw free soldiers of Ethiopia massacring a regiment of Eritrean troops before they knew what befell them. I saw. . . . But why go on? Here are a few extracts from my traveling notes—giving the bare facts:—

This black water at my feet, which on the map is only an elongated spot called Lake Rudolph, marks the end

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of a civilization, where the British flag still flies. The jungle that now spreads before me is haunted by those whom my Galla guide, Mohammed Hassan, calls 'free men'—all the Ethiopian tribes, Gallas, Danakils, Issas, who, forgetting their ancient feuds, have united to resist the Italian invader. What would be their reaction to any white man?

I am no longer alone. A band of Gallas rambling through the brush has spied us. Our first encounter was far from reassuring. Mohammed Hassan's eloquence, however, persuaded them that not all white-skinned persons are Italians. They brought me to their chieftain. I was amazed to find this pure-blooded Ethiopian speaking fluent French—which facilitated matters greatly. After having looked through the letters of introduction which the former Minister Makonnen gave me in Paris, he proposed that I stay in his company as long as I wished.

Decidedly the Ethiopians have understood the folly that they committed during the war when they tried, without any modern war material, to face the Italians in pitched battles. Now they have returned to the redoubtable African guerrilla warfare, which is particularly easy to carry on in this land of steep mountains and bottomless valleys.

Their method is simple and sure: in small bands of fifty men they slip into the Italian-controlled zones where they destroy the harvests and carry off the cattle. This is clever tactics when one realizes that, according to the plans of the Fascist authorities, the occupation army was supposed to live on the land. This year because of the activities of the rebels the harvests of staple grains like millet, durrah and sorghum amounted to only 30 per cent of their normal output. The fate of the regulars and the black shirts in the fortified garrisons is far from enviable. At some points the situation has become so serious that airplanes from Massawa—the road from Addis Ababa having been cut off—had to bring flour to the troops—thereby causing a fantastic rise in the price of bread.

In revenge for our depredations of the night before the Italians sent out six great airplanes which from a high altitude showered the land indiscriminately with bombs of all sizes and calibres. They made great gaps in the jungle forest but did not touch us. When the birds of death had departed, we explored the zone of bombardment. We found something that used to be a woman gathering wood and next to the mangled corpse, three terrified children. There were, too, a few bodies of antelopes and a disemboweled lion, whom death found in the midst of slumber.

As I was watching this spectacle, Mohammed Hassan seized me by the arm and hurried me away. The bombers had returned. I was wondering why my companions sought the peaks of the mountains for protection. Then I understood—this time the bombs were not mere explosives. As they exploded with a curious hissing sound that sent shivers down one's spine, deadly gases spread through the jungle. Experience had taught the warriors that only high points were safe.

The whole day we heard the explosions of the bombs and I know now

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whence they came. The Italians, who had spotted our troops, decided to harry them incessantly from the air. Somehow they had to be shaken off. The villagers—women, children and old people—deliberately took to the brush in the region covered by the airplanes. From their altitudes the aviators could not tell the children from the warriors—they mistook the black silhouettes for our detachment and proceeded to bomb them. When the shattered corpses dotted the jungle, the bombers went back to Mega, certain that they had wiped out our detachment, which is now free to follow out its plans of attack. And they talk of the lack of national feelings among the Ethiopians!

Tonight we have surprised and sent to their ancestors a group of twenty-five Ascaris (native soldiers fighting on the side of Italians). The ambush was well set and everything was done with amazing dispatch and quiet. No shooting—the Galla knives did all the work. This was a precautionary measure in case there were reinforcements nearby—but the main reason was the wish to conserve ammunition, the lack of which is a grave problem with the Ethiopians. The chieftain has often expressed to me his rancor against the British.

'If instead of all those talks in Geneva, they had sent us some guns and bullets—but that means taking a risk and the Europeans are not too fond of that. We'll remember this when the time comes!'

Meanwhile the night had been fruitful: twenty-five dead Ascaris meant twenty-five magazine rifles with amply-filled cartridge belts. While the warriors gathered their booty, I expressed my amazement at the fact that a regiment of this importance was not commanded by a white man. The chieftain shrugged his shoulders with a cruel smile.

'You see, after the Italians had tortured and killed 2,500 of our people in reprisal for the attempt on Graziani, we decided unanimously that while we shall go on killing the Ascaris, we shall take special pains to capture the Italians alive. That was the end—since then I have had many engagements, but, believe it or not, I have not seen a single white man outside of yourself in this territory.'

I asked him, my throat a little dry: 'And if there are prisoners. . . . ?'

'Let's not talk about this. Although,' here he laughed heartily, 'there were some amusing cases. Last February one of our people at the head of a hundred dare-devils tried a raid in the midst of the "conquered territory"—on the famous "imperial" route from Addis Ababa to Massawa. He succeeded beyond his wildest hopes because he was able to capture 15 Italian soldiers, whom he took with him into the mountains. They had already resigned themselves to spending a few unhappy hours when their captor had them lined up before him and told them: "You are ignoble dogs, not worthy of the slow, painful death that should be your lot. I will give you a chance to save your lives. Do you see this rag?" pointing to the Italian flag stretched out on the grass before them, "It's your country's flag, I spare the lives of all those who will consent to trample and spit upon it. . . ."'

'And what then?'

'What then?' There was a scorching contempt in my interlocutor's voice.

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'All fifteen chose to save their lives—naturally. . . .'

This morning as we were following the path to Lake Stefanie, a man darted out of the thicket and fell at my feet in the mud, addressing me in Arabic. Already a Galla lifted his short lance to strike him, when Mohammed Hassan—who is himself a mixture of Galla and Arab—stopped him. The man was saying that he came from Yemen, that he had escaped from the Italian service, where they made him work like a slave after having hired him in his own land as a free man, and he begged for refuge. Upon a sign from the chieftain the man was released. Voraciously he devoured a bowl of milk and the durrah pancakes that they gave him. Then, his strength revived, he told the following story:—

'A few months ago the envoys from Italy came to the Imam at Sanaa to ask for permission to recruit men. They had to have men to build roads in Ethiopia that the Ethiopians themselves were too lazy to bother with. They would be well paid and would come back with full purses. The Djebel villages are very poor. Many jumped at the opportunity and with the permission of the Imam—whom may Allah preserve—accepted the offer. At Dessye we realized for the first time our misfortune. We had become nothing more than slaves. From sunrise to sunset we had to work on the roads under the supervision of the soldiers. All we had to eat was a little sorghum and durrah. We had not even the right to stop the work for prayers. We were much dissatisfied. One only hope sustained us—that at the end of the month we will draw good pay.

'But at the end of the month we had not received a penny. Our wages, they told us, were put away into a reserve fund for us in case of sickness or accident. The whole camp was ready to revolt. But our elders preached patience, advising us to wait and see whether things would not be better next month. Next month we received only a third of the promised sum. Then I went to the white chief and told him that I was not satisfied and that I wanted to go back home. He laughed in my face and when I persisted, he threatened to thrash me with his riding whip.'

Mohammed Hassan pounced on him, trembling with indignation:—

'And you let them get away with it?'

'I escaped that night. But before that,' voluptuously he passed his fingers across the edge of the dagger that hung on his belt, 'have no fear, Mohammed Hassan, I was repaid in full.'

There was a silence that the chieftain, turning to me, interrupted with a short sarcastic laugh:—

'What do you think now of Mussolini as the protector of Islam? To think that those imbeciles of Harar let themselves be taken in by him and have sympathized with the Italians because we had oppressed them once! Thank God, Italy herself is showing them their mistake.'

Three days ago Mohammed Hassan, my companion, was killed by a bomb. Today with a heavy heart I am leaving the men whose courage and endurance I have learned to admire, and underneath whose savage exterior I have found a pleasant child-like simplicity.

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A dramatic sketch of family life as it is today in the new, Hitler's Germany.

READING ROOM

The Informer

By BERTOLT BRECHT

Translated by RUTH NORDEN

Place: The living-room of a typical German middle-class home.
Time: The present. A rainy Sunday afternoon.
(*The curtain rises upon* THE MAN, THE WOMAN *and* THE BOY. *A telephone rings offstage.* THE MAID *enters.*)

THE MAID
Mr. and Mrs. Klimbtsch are on the phone. Shall I say you are in?

THE MAN
(*Irritably*)
No.

(*Exit* THE MAID)

THE WOMAN
You should have answered the telephone yourself. They know very well that we couldn't have left the house so soon.

THE MAN
Why couldn't we be out?

THE WOMAN
Because it's raining.

THE MAN
That's no reason.

THE WOMAN
Where could we have gone? That's the first question they'll ask themselves.

THE MAN
There are lots of places to go.

THE WOMAN
Well then, why don't we go?

THE MAN
Where?

THE WOMAN
If only it weren't raining!

THE MAN
And even if it weren't raining, where would we go?

THE WOMAN
At least we used to see some people.
(*Pause*)
It was wrong of you not to answer the telephone. Now they know we don't want to have them here.

THE MAN
And what if they know?

THE WOMAN
It's not nice of us to shy away from

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them, just now, when everyone is avoiding them.

THE MAN
We aren't shying away from them.

THE WOMAN
Then why shouldn't they come here?

THE MAN
Because—because this Klimbtsch fellow bores me to death.

THE WOMAN
He didn't use to bore you.

THE MAN
He didn't use to! Don't make me nervous with your 'you used to!'

THE WOMAN
Well, there was a time when you wouldn't have cut him dead just because the Board of Education was investigating him.

THE MAN
Do you want to say that I'm a coward?

(*Pause*)

All right, call them up and say we've just returned on account of the rain.

THE WOMAN
(*Does not move. After a pause*)
Shall we ask the Lemkes whether they'd like to come over?

THE MAN
So that they can prove to us that we don't show the proper enthusiasm about air defense?

THE WOMAN
(*To* THE BOY)
Klaus-Heinrich, leave the radio alone!

(THE BOY *prowls around restlessly and then turns to the newspapers.*)

THE MAN
Just look at this rain! How is one to live in a country where a little rain is a major disaster!

THE WOMAN
Do you think there is much sense in such talk?

THE MAN
I can say what I please in my own home. I'm not going to let anyone tell me. . . .

(*He breaks off sharply as* THE MAID, *bringing the coffee service, enters. Silence as long as she is present.*)

THE MAN
(*After* THE MAID *has left*)
Must we keep a maid whose father is block captain?

THE WOMAN
I think we've talked enough about that. The last time you said it had its advantages.

THE MAN
All the things I'm supposed to have said! Just drop a word of that to your mother and we'll be in a nice pickle.

THE WOMAN
What I tell my mother. . . .

(THE MAID *interrupts again, bringing coffee.*)

All right, Erna, you may go. I'll take care of it.

THE MAID
Thank you, Ma'am.

(*Exits*)

THE BOY
(*Looking up from the newspaper*)
Do all priests do that, papa?

THE MAN
Do what?

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THE BOY
What it says here.
(*He reads aloud.*)

THE MAN
What are you reading!
(*He snatches the newspaper out of* THE BOY'S *hands.*)

THE BOY
But our group-leader says we always ought to read what this paper says.

THE MAN
I don't care what the group-leader says! I'll decide what you may read and what you may not.

THE WOMAN
(*Nervously*)
Here is 10 Pfennig, Klaus-Heinrich. Go across the street and buy yourself something.

THE BOY
But it's raining.
(*He mopes undecidedly at the window.*)

THE MAN
If those reports about the trials of the priests don't stop, I'm going to discontinue the paper altogether.

THE WOMAN
And which one will you take instead? It's in all of them.

THE MAN
If there's such dirty stuff in all the papers, I just won't read any paper. I can't very well know less of what's happening in the world than I do now.

THE WOMAN
It isn't so bad, this clean-up business.

THE MAN
Clean-up! It's nothing but politics.

THE WOMAN
Well, it's none of our business. After all, we are Protestants.

THE MAN
It makes a lot of difference to the people, when they can't think of a Church without thinking of such nastiness.

THE WOMAN
What are they supposed to do when something like that happens?

THE MAN
What are they supposed to do? Perhaps they might clean up in their own front yard. Their Brown House doesn't seem to be quite so clean itself, I hear.

THE WOMAN
But it's merely proof of the growing health of our people, Karl.

THE MAN
Growing health! Fine health! If health looks like that, I prefer disease.

THE WOMAN
You're so nervous today. Did anything happen in school?

THE MAN
What could have happened in school? And please don't always say that I'm so nervous. That's exactly what makes me nervous.

THE WOMAN
We shouldn't be quarreling all the time, Karl. We used to. . . .

THE MAN
I've only been waiting for that. We used to! I have never wished and I do not wish now that the mind of my child should be poisoned.

THE WOMAN
(*Sharply*)
Where is he?

THE MAN
How am I to know?

THE WOMAN
Did you see him leave?

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THE MAN

No.

THE WOMAN

I don't understand where he can be.

(*She calls*)

Klaus-Heinrich!

(*She gets up quickly and runs out of the room. She is heard calling.*)

Klaus-Heinrich! Klaus-Heinrich!

(*She returns*)

He is really gone!

THE MAN

Well, why shouldn't he go?

THE WOMAN

But it's pouring!

THE MAN

Why should you be so nervous when the boy goes away?

THE WOMAN

What were we talking about?

THE MAN

What's that got to do with it?

THE WOMAN

You've been losing your self-control so often.

THE MAN

I have not been losing my self-control. But even if I had, what's that got to do with the boy being away?

THE WOMAN

You know very well how children listen.

THE MAN

Well?

THE WOMAN

Well—what if he talks about it? You know the kind of talk they get in the Hitler Youth. They are actually told to report everything they hear. It's strange that he went away so quietly.

THE MAN

Nonsense!

THE WOMAN

Didn't you notice when he left?

THE MAN

He was over at the window for quite a while.

THE WOMAN

I'd like to know what he heard.

THE MAN

But he knows what happens when people are denounced.

THE WOMAN

And what about the boy about whom the Schmulkes were talking? His father is still supposed to be in the camp. If we only knew how long he stayed in the room!

THE MAN

This is all nonsense!

(*Nevertheless he, too, gets up and runs through the other rooms, calling the boy.*)

THE WOMAN

I can't imagine that he should simply go away without saying a word. It isn't like him.

THE MAN

Perhaps he's with one of his schoolmates.

THE WOMAN

He could only be over at the Mummermanns'. I'll call up.

(*She telephones*)

THE MAN

I think this is all a false alarm.

THE WOMAN

(*At the telephone*)

This is Mrs. Furcke. How do you do,

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Mrs. Mummermann. Is Klaus-Heinrich there? No? I can't imagine where the boy is. . . . Tell me, Mrs. Mummermann, do you know whether the Hitler Youth local is open Sunday afternoon? It is? Thank you very much, I'll inquire there.

(*She hangs up. Both of them sit silently.*)

THE MAN

What could he have heard?

THE WOMAN

You said something about the paper. You shouldn't have mentioned the Brown House at all. You know how strong his nationalist feelings are.

THE MAN

What am I supposed to have said about the Brown House?

THE WOMAN

You must remember! That everything wasn't clean there.

THE MAN

That can hardly be interpreted as an attack. I qualified my statement by saying that things were *not quite* so clean. That makes a lot of difference. It was nothing more than a facetious remark, you might say, said colloquially. It doesn't mean anything more than perhaps that everything isn't always quite as the leaders might want it to be. Moreover, I purposely expressed only a degree of probability by saying, as I distinctly recall, that it doesn't 'seem' to be quite so clean. You see, I used the term to qualify the statement. I said 'seem,' not 'is.' Of course I'm unable to say that anything is *not* clean—I have no proof. Where there are men, there are imperfections. I indicated no more than that, and I qualified even that. On a certain occasion the Führer himself expressed his criticism along these lines in a much sharper manner.

THE WOMAN

I don't understand you. You don't have to talk to me like that.

THE MAN

I wish I didn't have to! I'm not sure what you yourself thoughtlessly repeat about the things that may have been said within these walls on the spur of the moment. Don't misunderstand me—I'm far from accusing you of spreading frivolous gossip about your husband, just as I don't believe for a moment that the boy would knowingly do anything against his own father. But unfortunately there is a great difference between doing a bad thing and knowing that you are doing it.

THE WOMAN

Stop it, do you hear? You'd better be watching your own tongue. I've been worrying all the time whether you made that statement about not being able to live in Hitler Germany before or after you made the one about the Brown House.

THE MAN

I didn't say anything of the kind.

THE WOMAN

You act as if I were the police. I'm merely worrying what the boy may have heard.

THE MAN

The phrase 'Hitler Germany' isn't even in my vocabulary.

THE WOMAN

And what you said about the block captain? And that there's nothing but lies in the papers? And the other day about air raid protection—the boy

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doesn't hear anything constructive! That isn't good at all for a young mind. It merely poisons him—and the Führer always insists that Germany's youth is Germany's future. The boy really isn't the kind that would just run out and denounce anyone. I'm quite sick about it.

THE MAN

But he is vindictive.

THE WOMAN

What should he be vindictive about?

THE MAN

Hell, I don't know. There's always something. Perhaps it's because I took his frog away from him.

THE WOMAN

But that's more than a week ago.

THE MAN

He remembers things like that.

THE WOMAN

Why did you take it away in the first place?

THE MAN

Because he wasn't catching any flies for it. He let it starve.

THE WOMAN

But he really has so much to do.

THE MAN

The frog couldn't help that.

THE WOMAN

He didn't say anything about it. . . . And only just now I gave him 10 Pfennig. He gets everything he wants.

THE MAN

That's what they call bribery.

THE WOMAN

What do you mean by that?

THE MAN

They'll say at once that we tried to bribe him, to keep his mouth shut.

THE WOMAN

What do you think they can do to you?

THE MAN

Everything! There are simply no limits. Good God, and I'm supposed to be a teacher! An educator of youth! I'm afraid of youth!

THE WOMAN

But there's nothing in your record against you!

THE MAN

There's something against everyone. All are suspected. It's enough if there's a suspicion, if someone is suspicious.

THE WOMAN

But a child isn't a reliable witness—it doesn't even know what it's saying!

THE MAN

That's what you say. Since when do they need a witness for anything?

THE WOMAN

Can't we think up some meaning for your remarks? He simply misunderstood you.

THE MAN

What could I have said? I can't even remember myself. It's all the fault of this damned rain. One gets depressed. After all, I'm the last one to say anything against the spiritual upsurge experienced by the German people today. I predicted the whole thing as early as 1932.

THE WOMAN

Karl, there's no time now to talk about that. We've got to arrange everything exactly—and we've got to do it right away. There isn't a minute to lose.

THE MAN

I can't believe it of Klaus-Heinrich.

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THE WOMAN
First that business about the Brown House and the dirty stuff.

THE MAN
I didn't say a word about dirty stuff!

THE WOMAN
You said the paper is full of it and you wanted to drop the subscription.

THE MAN
Oh yes, the paper! But not the Brown House!

THE WOMAN
Couldn't you have said that you disapprove of these goings-on in the churches? And that you thought it quite possible these people on trial today were the same who cooked up the atrocities about the Brown House and everything being not quite clean there? And that they should have cleaned up their own front yard even then? What you really said to the boy was to leave the radio alone and to look at the newspaper because you believe that youth in the Third Reich should know the truth about what happens around it.

THE MAN
That doesn't help any.

THE WOMAN
Karl, you mustn't lose your head now! You must be strong, like the Führer always. . . .

THE MAN
I can't step before the bar of justice, while my own flesh and blood testifies against me on the witness-stand.

THE WOMAN
You mustn't take it like that.

THE MAN
Our association with the Klimbtschs was very careless.

THE WOMAN
But nothing has happened to them yet.

THE MAN
Yes, but there is an investigation.

THE WOMAN
If all the people who have ever been investigated were to despair!

THE MAN
Do you think the block captain has anything against us?

THE WOMAN
You mean if they question him? He just got a box of cigars for his birthday and his New Year's tip was ample.

THE MAN
The Gauffs next door gave him fifteen marks!

THE WOMAN
Yes, but they read the *Vorwärts* as late as '32; and even in May '33 they still hung out black-white-and-red flags.

(*The telephone rings*)

THE MAN
The telephone. . . .

THE WOMAN
Shall I answer it?

THE MAN
I don't know.

THE WOMAN
Who can be calling?

THE MAN
Wait a moment. If it rings again you can still answer.

(*They wait. The ringing stops.*)

What kind of life is this?

THE WOMAN
Karl!

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THE MAN

It's a Judas you bore me! He sits at the table and listens while he eats our soup and remembers everything his parents say, the informer!

THE WOMAN

You mustn't say that.

(*Pause*)

Do you think we should make any preparations?

THE MAN

Will they come with him right away?

THE WOMAN

It's possible.

THE MAN

Perhaps I should put on my Iron Cross.

THE WOMAN

Of course you should, Karl!

(*He goes for it and pins it on with trembling hands*)

There isn't anything against you in school, is there?

THE MAN

How am I to know? I'm ready to teach whatever they want to have taught. But what do they want to have taught? If I only always knew! How do I know what kind of a man they want Bismarck to have been? They take such a long time bringing out the new school books. Can't you give the girl ten marks? She's always listening.

THE WOMAN

(*Nodding*)

And Hitler's portrait—shouldn't we hang it over your desk? It looks better there.

THE MAN

Yes, let's do that.

(THE WOMAN *is about to change the picture.*)

But what if the boy says we changed it around on purpose—that would look like a guilty conscience.

(THE WOMAN *replaces the picture.*)

THE MAN

Wasn't that the door?

THE WOMAN

I didn't hear anything.

THE MAN

Yes, it was!

THE WOMAN

Karl!

(*She embraces him*)

THE MAN

Don't lose your nerve. Pack a few of my things.

(*The outer door is heard.* THE MAN *and* WOMAN *stand side by side, rigid, in the corner of the room. The door opens and* THE BOY *enters, a paper bag in his hand. Pause.*)

THE BOY

What's the matter with you?

THE WOMAN

Where have you been?

(THE BOY *points to the bag of candy.*)

You merely bought some chocolate?

THE BOY

Of course. What else?

(*He walks through the room and exits, eating. His parents look after him questioningly.*)

THE MAN

Do you think he is telling the truth?

(THE WOMAN *shrugs her shoulders.*)

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Persons and Personages

Successor to Henlein?

By Gerhard Schacher

From *News Chronicle*, London Conservative Weekly

Most people believe that Nazism was originated by Adolf Hitler, born in Austria, who founded this party some years after the War and became its leader. In reality it was not Hitler but the Czechoslovak citizen Hans Krebs who founded the first National Socialist Party, which began as long ago as 1904 as the German *Arbeiterpartei.*

The leader of the party, Hans Krebs, born in 1888 in Iglau, who served in the war as an Austrian lieutenant, caused his party in 1917 to assume the name of '*Deutsche Nationalsozialistische Arbeiterpartei*' (German National Socialist Workers' Party).

Not until 1920 did Hans Krebs begin to hold conversations in Salzburg with the then very small *Bruderpartei* founded by Adolf Hitler. Here the claims for the union of all Germans in a great Reich were agreed upon.

Long before the formation of the Storm Troopers in Germany, Hans Krebs and his party busied themselves with the setting up of military organizations in the Sudeten German district of Czechoslovakia. They wore uniforms and they wore the swastika. They pronounced it as their principal task to carry on a ceaseless struggle against the democratic State.

The terrorism of the organization and their continual warfare against the Czechoslovak State became more and more intense as the Hitler Party in Germany gained strength. For this reason, the Public Prosecutor asked permission of the Prague Parliament in 1932 to proceed against Hans Krebs, Rudolf Jung, and several other leaders of the Party for high treason.

The trial on charges of high treason was opened. Hans Krebs and Rudolf Jung remained for five months on remand without bail. The Party was forbidden as inimical to the State, as it was proved in court to be guilty of treason. It preferred to forestall this prohibition, however, by dissolving itself in October, 1933.

Because Hans Krebs and Rudolf Jung gave their parole to hold themselves always at the disposal of the Court they were set at liberty. They took this opportunity of breaking their word and fleeing to Germany, where Rudolf Jung was appointed Professor of Politics and Hans

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Krebs, although he was still a Czechoslovak citizen, was elected to the Reichstag. He is the intimate adviser of Herr Hitler in all questions relating to Czechoslovakia.

After the desertion of the party leaders and the dissolution of the Party, a substitute party was founded in Czechoslovakia by Konrad Henlein. Outwardly, it is true, Henlein declared that he had nothing to do with Hans Krebs.

Nevertheless, this in no way hinders Herr Henlein from taking his orders from Hans Krebs, whom he visits almost every week, when it is necessary for him to seek instructions from Berlin.

It may be asked why Adolf Hitler does not receive Henlein personally and talk over the Sudeten German questions with him. One reason is, doubtless, that Henlein, by his continual emphasizing of the weakness of the Czechs, the worthlessness of their army and so on, has lost almost all his prestige in Hitler's eyes, for on May 21 this year the military threat of Germany was met by the Czechs with an excellently organized mobilization.

Another reason for the coolness between Adolf Hitler and Konrad Henlein is that when Austria was occupied letters were found in Vienna that considerably damaged Henlein and some of his adjutants in Hitler's eyes. In these letters it was clear how different was the ideology of Henlein and his Austrian friends on the one side from that of the Nazi Party of Hitler on the other.

Firstly, the Nazi Party of Hitler requires the Führer to come from the people and to be in connection with them. The Henleiners, on the contrary, declare that one must be chosen for the position of Führer and educated for it.

Secondly, the Nazi Party of Hitler denies any special right of intellectual people, whereas the Henlein Party stands for educational privilege.

Thirdly, Hitler claims a community with no social strata, while the Henlein Nazis cling to the idea of a State with 'guilds,' as it is partly in Italy and as it was in the Austria of Schuschnigg.

Whereas Konrad Henlein—at least for tactical reasons—demands greater rights for the Sudeten Germans *inside* Czechoslovakia, the National Socialist Workers' Party of Hans Krebs, which has always been identified with the claims of Adolf Hitler, declared as long ago as 1920 that the establishment of the territory of the Czechoslovak Republic 'was a gigantic historical lie.'

The world is accustomed to regard the person of Konrad Henlein as the leader of the Sudeten German Party and the powerful representative of Hitler in Czechoslovakia. Yet in reality he is but a pawn in the game played by Berlin, and it is no mere chance that hitherto he has not once been permitted to participate in the negotiations carried on

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between the other leaders of the Party and the Czech statesmen.

The Sudeten German National Socialist leader proper, the man who led a Nazi Party that was founded in Bohemia ten years before the war, when the Hitler Party of today did not even exist, is Hans Krebs. He sits in exalted office in Berlin and waits for the moment when, as he hopes, the tragi-comedy of Seyss-Inquart will be repeated in Konrad Henlein.

Colijn of the Netherlands

By Kees von Hoek

Adapted from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zurich German-Language Daily

COLLECTIVE security among the nations is an unattainable concept today, and the League of Nations cannot be maintained along its original lines, but must be reshaped if our civilization is not to perish. That, in short, is the gloomy but sensible opinion of Dr. Hendrik Colijn, four times Prime Minister of the Netherlands who is universally regarded as her most important statesman.

Young at sixty-nine and lacking the usual abdominal expanse of the average Dutchman of his years, Dr. Colijn is seldom seen by the public, keeps strictly in the background and is averse to personal interviews. A self-made man, born of peasant stock at Haarlemermeer in 1869, Colijn was an apprentice school teacher until 1886, when his parents sent him to the Instruction Battalion at Kampen to receive a more thorough education. There, in 1890, he enrolled in the officers' training courses. He graduated three years later and was sent to the Dutch East Indies as a second lieutenant, although doctors expressed doubt as to his physical fitness to the tropics.

He took an active part in the dangerous Lombok insurrection, and was cited for personal bravery in the field. Later he was switched to the civil service, and was governor in various parts of the colonies, chiefly devoting himself to pacification of the East Indies aborigines. In May, 1907, he left the military service with the rank of Major and was appointed secretary to the Colonial government.

It is Colijn's background that accounts for the man he is today. His indomitable spirit is clearly shown in a story of his student days at the Military Academy at Kampen. There, he worked so hard that he sometimes found it difficult to keep awake during his studies. In order not to fall asleep, he would take off his shoes and stockings and dip his feet into a pail of cold water—and keep them there until he had finished his day's work. The same spirit rules him to this day. He still works long hours—

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but whether he sticks his feet in cold water he does not say—and he is incredibly industrious. Even his most bitter opponents have the utmost respect for his strong, forthright character.

Colijn was first elected to the Second Chamber of the Dutch Parliament in 1909, while he was on one of his trips of inspection in the East Indies. He has always been a member of the anti-Revolutionary party. In January, 1911, he was made Minister of War in the Cabinet of Van Heemskerk; the next year he was made Minister of the Navy, *ad interim*. It was while Minister of War that he achieved perhaps his greatest claim to fame, for it was at that time that he prevented the Netherlands from becoming a second Belgium in the German sweep to the sea.

Colijn's mobilization plan, a result of his thorough-going organization of the army, was put to the test in August, 1914.

'Did that plan really make any difference to the German strategists?' I asked him, mindful that the Netherlands is already blocked out on Hitler's maps of his planned 'Greater Germany' as part of the Third Reich.

Thoughtfully, Dr. Colijn puffed at his cigar.

'Yes,' he said slowly, positively. 'We have it in black and white in Moltke's memoirs, that the expansion and improvement of our army, which was already started at the beginning of the century, changed the marching plans of the German General Staff.

'That is why I am convinced that today, when every nation is rearming, a weak zone becomes a danger zone,' he continued. 'We have just doubled our annual levies from 24,500 to 42,000 men; at the same time we have raised the first term of service from five and one-half months to eleven months. More than 200,000,000 guilders have been appropriated for new equipment alone. This expenditure weighs heavily, but it is an urgent necessity. One can almost say that it is the life insurance premium of the State, which must be raised at all costs.

'I have drafted these plans myself, for in the previous Cabinet I was also Minister of Defense. In an emergency we shall have an army of half a million men ready to go into the field; it will be well equipped, thoroughly trained and of excellent morale.'

'Then,' I asked, 'you do not regard the chance of a small nation against a superior attacker as hopeless?'

'On the contrary!' Dr. Colijn exclaimed. 'One merely invites one's own destruction by unwillingness to defend oneself to the limit of one's strength, and the Netherlands is determined to go that limit!

'But I must add, in all fairness, that, although for centuries we have had a common border with Germany, there has never been a German-Dutch war. It is said that a temptation exists to disregard the frontiers and, if need be, march through Switzerland and the Netherlands. But

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such tactics would be of advantage to a Great Power only if the two countries in question would be unable to offer strong resistance.

'Besides, we naturally count on our friend, the water. The battles on the Yser have shown how successfully floods can be utilized in defense. Our flood system, which has been put on a nation-wide scale, has been thoroughly surveyed and improved. It provides us with a natural means of defense in an emergency.

'Then, too, the foreign policy of the Netherlands is free from all alliances or entanglements. We want to remain true to ourselves and to be good neighbors to all who leave us in peace. We want to protect our people against letting our geographic position involve us in the quarrels of others.'

As his background and political life testify, Dr. Colijn is an extraordinary man in every sense. There are few statesmen in Europe who have his sound common sense or his simplicity.

In 1935, during his second premiership, Colijn tried to resign as Prime Minister. But Queen Wilhelmina, probably one of the shrewdest rulers to sit on a throne today, outwitted him. She tried a very simple but successful ruse when she asked Professor Aalberse, the head of the strong Catholic Party, to form a ministry. The Queen gave Aalberse but one day to select the members of the Government. Of course, Aalberse failed and Colijn was requested to again form a new Cabinet—his third.

Originally, Dr. Colijn had put his government on a coalition basis, with the Christian Historical Party and the Catholics, both of the Right, and the Liberal Democrats, a small Left-wing party. But in his new third Cabinet he dropped the sole Liberal-Democrat member.

Dr. Colijn is sometimes called a 'dictator on a parliamentary basis.' Be that as it may, he has had his hands full, with the Social-Democrats (Socialists) the second largest party in Parliament, in opposition to his own Anti-Revolutionary party, which is only the third largest party, the Catholics being the largest. His coalition is of Catholic-Calvinist formation.

The Prime Minister has always refused to recognize the Soviet Union, and the Netherlands are not represented in Moscow by either Ambassadors, consuls or trade commissioners. On the other hand, Colijn has shown no sympathy for the Netherlands' pocket Fascist dictator, Mussert, leader of the National Socialists. It was Mussert who was fired from the Cabinet, and since then there has been both a purge and a split in his party. In the election campaign last year the National Socialists, who had 10 per cent of the votes of the Provincial elections and were a growing power, were so badly defeated that their number shrank to a mere fraction.

'How do you explain the fact that neither the excesses of Marxism

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nor of Fascism have been able to harm the Netherlands?' I asked.

Dr. Colijn smiled with evident satisfaction. 'Our democratic freedom is a heritage of centuries and the Dutchman, in general, is traditionally stable. Our character resembles our climate: moderations prevail. We are over-populated, it is true, and in many of our cities there is a large proletariat. And almost one-fourth of our people are Socialists.

'But our Dutch common sense has developed the Party so well that we hope it has now made peace with the monarchist system under the House of Orange—the best guarantee of the Netherlands' constitutional freedom.

'And then, a strong religious trend prevails in the Netherlands: Catholicism and the Protestantism of Calvin are vital forces which are hardly affected by the confused political mysticism of our times.'

Few countries can boast of as high a living standard as the Netherlands. A realistically-minded bourgeoisie has learned in time how to make concessions. I asked Dr. Colijn about the economic situation. His answer was:—

'The period of recovery which began last year has come to a standstill. That is an international phenomenon. I would not like to describe it as a depression, but it is a period of stagnation. Undoubtedly, barriers to international trade are growing more difficult. We have about 437,000 unemployed, approximately 20 per cent of the gainfully employed population. This is the greatest problem in any country and it cannot be solved by huge work projects and breath-taking administrative sorcery. Our colonies, of course, offer no outlet for emigration. Shipping, however, is constantly improving, as well as the economic situation of the Netherlands East Indies. The limitations in the output of their chief products, like tea, sugar and rubber, are proving satisfactory. I believe, nevertheless, that the period of greatest economic prosperity is past in the colonies. As for domestic order and stability, our colonies have been a model for several decades.

'Financially, the situation of the Netherlands is absolutely secure. There is so much capital available that the interest rate on all Government debts could be reduced to 3 per cent. I feel justified in saying that our currency belongs to the most stable in the world.'

The Premier looked out into the flawlessly clean streets of the Hague with their stately old trees. His stern face, almost classical in its even oval shape, is deeply lined. His eyes are hidden behind lids withered by the tropical sun. His clipped hair is brushed back in military fashion. Only a simple gold watch chain enlivens the prosaic appearance of his plain blue suit.

A brave soldier of many a hazardous colonial expendition, an able administrator of State finance and of a great colonial empire, a far-sighted

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organizer of an efficient army, a gifted international business man, the spiritual rejuvenator of his Party and the recognized leader of his nation —these are the steps of his career.

Hitler's Confidant

Translated from the *National-Zeitung*, Basel Liberal German-Language Daily

REMARKABLY little seems to be generally known about the personality of Captain Friedrich Wiedemann, who suddenly burst upon the field of international politics with his recent trip to London as Hitler's latest diplomatic go-between. With Messrs. Julius Schaub and Wilhelm Brückner, he is one of the Führer's three adjutants and in that capacity has his office in the Chancellery on the Wilhelmplatz in Berlin. Each of these three adjutants has his own strictly limited domain, the extent of which is known only to persons in official touch with the Chancellery; to the public at large their activities are cloaked in mystery.

On several occasions in recent months, Captain Wiedemann has been charged with special missions far beyond his regular functions. The reasons for this trust spring from his position as a close personal confidant of Hitler. During the War, Wiedemann was commander of the company in which Hitler served. In his capacity as a special courier Hitler was in closer touch with his officers, including Captain Wiedemann, than the ordinary corporals. After the War, Captain Wiedemann retired from the Army to a small farm which he had bought in his native Bavaria and operated at a loss until 1933.

During the post-War years he frequently encountered his former subordinate, now turned politician, in Munich, which was the focus of the National Socialist movement. Wiedemann, however, never joined the Party. He preferred his new rôle of 'gentleman farmer' to dabbling in questionable politics. Even after 1930, when the seizure of power by the Nazis became a definite possibility, he remained aloof though, unlike many former active officers of the Imperial Army at that time, he never rejected National Socialism. Several times in the years immediately preceding his seizure of power, Hitler asked him to accept an office in the Party. Wiedemann always refused.

In 1933, when Hitler became Chancellor, he addressed a new and urgent plea to his former captain to accept a post on his personal staff. This time Wiedemann accepted and entered the Chancellery as Hitler's adjutant. He still holds this office, now greatly expanded in importance. He takes care of the multitude of personal appeals, petitions and reports with which Hitler is constantly swamped. Furthermore, he accompanies

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the Chancellor, with whom he is in daily personal contact, on his numerous trips through Germany. His administrative life moves between Berlin and Berchtesgaden and his position is anything but a sinecure. Like most close associates of Hitler, Wiedemann never knows in the morning whether or not he may have to accompany the Führer in the afternoon on a trip of inspection into the Rhineland, to Nuremberg or East Prussia.

His first special diplomatic mission, if one may call it that, was in the United States, where he spent several weeks last year at Hitler's request and was received by President Roosevelt. It was, in a way, a journey of information, undertaken for the purpose of giving Hitler a first-hand account of the attitude of the United States. Officially, Wiedemann, who has an excellent command of English, traveled as a private individual. What kind of report he rendered to the Führer on his return is not known. Hitler, however, seems to have been satisfied, for shortly before May 21 Wiedemann was again dispatched, this time on a special and highly confidential mission to London, to sound out the precise attitude of the British Government on the Sudeten question. It is known today—though Hitler did not know it until May 21—how firm this attitude is and how it worked to prevent war. It is also known that after Wiedemann's return from London, perhaps on the grounds of his report, any plan of military intervention in Czechoslovakia by Germany was abandoned.

The purpose of Wiedemann's more recent London visit is as yet none too clear. No doubt it was deliberately timed to coincide with the Royal visit to Paris. In a last-minute attempt to upset the growing Franco-British entente, he may have unofficially offered certain assurances or important concessions which, from the nature of the situation, could have related only to the Sudeten problem. Wiedemann's close relationship to Hitler and the missions with which he has been charged in the past seem to indicate that Hitler falls back on him only for extraordinary purposes.

Wiedemann is about fifty years old. In appearance he is the sportsman type readily revealing the former officer: he is tall, broad-shouldered, an excellent horseman and fencer and a passionate amateur racing driver. He has an open, straightforward manner that at once inspires confidence. As a former officer, Wiedemann maintains excellent relations with the Army and is regarded as the liaison officer between it and the Chancellery.

In complete disregard of the Party, the press, and the career diplomats, the Führer thinks highly of Wiedemann's sound judgment, unspoiled by any political or diplomatic schooling. It is well to keep an eye on this man.

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A British economist discusses economic, an Austrian Socialist political, aspects of the recent *Anschluss*.

Austrian Aftermath

I. Ostmark, Incorporated

By W. G. J. Knop

From the *Banker*, London Financial Monthly

WITH Germany's blank rejection of legal or moral responsibility for the external debts of the former Austrian State, the policy of progressive debt repudiation adhered to by the Nazi Government since its advent to power has been given a fresh stimulus. To justify its refusal to pay, the German Government has marshaled a number of arguments: that the Austrian debts were political debts designed to prevent the *Anschluss;* that Austria was on the verge of economic bankruptcy at the time of her incorporation into the Reich and could not have continued paying anyhow; that other countries, especially Great Britain, did not recognize the debts of conquered territories; and that Germany cannot afford to meet the debt service required for the Austrian loans.

If ever there has been a collection of bad excuses put forward by a debtor in justification of default, the Nazis have succeeded in producing it. Every penny lent to Austria after the War was used entirely for internal reconstruction purposes. Had these foreign loans not been given to Austria, the Germans would indeed have annexed —as they claim to have done—an impoverished and ruined country. Instead, the independent Austria of March, 1938, was economically in a remarkably healthy state. Her reserves of gold, foreign exchanges and realizable foreign assets alone were much larger than those of Germany.

As regards the other Austrian assets upon which Germany has laid her hands, it is only necessary to look up the German newspapers published during the fortnight following the invasion and read the glowing descriptions of how Germany has been strengthened by the *Anschluss*. Nor would there be any complaint on the part of the guarantors and holders of Austrian bonds if they were treated in the same way as the British Government in 1903 treated the holders of Transvaal 5 per cent bonds—who were repaid at par.

But it does not really matter what

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arguments the German Government produces and what can be said against them. Responsible Nazi leaders have told the German public hundreds of times that they are opposed to the very principle of paying debts incurred by previous governments. Here, as in so many other respects, Nazism closely imitates the Bolshevist example. The Soviet Government, however, has at least had the courage to state that, as a point of policy, it does not intend to pay any obligation incurred by the Czarist Governments. For the Nazi Government to make a similar point-blank default would, of course, mean being subjected to immediate measures of retaliation from the creditor countries.

As Germany is vulnerable in many respects to such retaliation, the Government relies upon a policy of progressive default. Step by step, whenever the circumstances seem favorable, the foreign creditor is made to yield another part of his rights. Now that successive stages of default have severely depressed the market quotations of German bonds abroad, Herr Funk, the Nazi Minister of Economics, has the effrontery to declare that the low quotations 'amount to an unbearable damage to Germany's prestige.' It is obvious that here only one policy is possible, namely, the unflinching determination of the creditor countries to let any fresh German breach of faith recoil in full on Germany's trade interest.

Even allowing for a considerable deterioration in Germany's balance of trade this year, as well as for a decline in her revenue from tourist traffic, there can be no doubt that Germany can pay in full all the external obligations of the former Austrian State plus the existing service on the foreign indebtedness of Germany proper. The following table shows the remarkable reduction in Germany's foreign indebtedness since it reached its apex in the middle of 1930.

GERMAN FOREIGN DEBTS

(In 1,000 millions of Reichsmarks)

Time	*Long-Term*	*Short-Term (including standstill credits)*	*Total*
Middle of 1930	10.8	16.0	26.8
December, 1930	10.8	15.0	25.8
July, 1931	10.7	13.1	23.8
November, 1931	10.7	10.6	21.3
February, 1932	10.5	10.1	20.6
September, 1932	10.2	9.3	19.5
February, 1933	10.3	8.7	19.0
September, 1933	7.4	7.4	14.8
February, 1934	7.2	6.7	13.9
February, 1935	6.4	6.7	13.1
February, 1936	6.1	6.3	12.4
February, 1937	5.4	5.4	10.8
February, 1938	5.1	5.0	10.1

According to official German figures, which, of course, must be taken with a grain of salt, nearly 10,000,000,000 marks' worth of the total debt reduc-

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tion is due to actual repayments, while the remainder has been caused by the serious currency devaluations. As to the alleged repayment of 10 billions, it must be remembered that ever since the Nazis defaulted and thus depressed the prices of German bonds abroad, they have repurchased these bonds at a fraction of their par value. How many bonds exactly have been repatriated and how many of them are still in circulation inside Germany is difficult to say.

II

Parallel with the German Government's policy of progressively expropriating its foreign creditors goes the policy of depriving the German Jewish community of both the last possibility of earning a livelihood in Germany and of emigrating. The first is effected by a combination of legal and administrative pressure, organized terror and a relentless newspaper campaign. The second, the most cruel thing of all, consists in rendering destitute every Jew who emigrates. In both respects there has been a heavy measure of Nazi barbarism. Pogroms and mass arrests in Vienna and Berlin and other cities have been aggravated by new decrees, according to which the Jews will receive, if anything, only an extremely small fraction of their property when driven out of the Third Reich.

That this measure would sooner or later be taken was already apparent in April last, when the Nazi authorities issued a decree demanding the registration of all Jewish property in Germany for the purposes of the Four-Year Plan. It was obvious that if the Nazis were determined to mobilize the Jewish capital (estimated at around 3 billion dollars in the greater Reich), they would first of all prevent the blocked mark system from offering means of escape.

Blocked marks, it will be remembered, were first created through the Standstill Agreement following upon the 1931 credit crisis. Their real importance in international banking business, however, only dates from 1933 onward, with the growth of Jewish emigration from Germany. In 1933 it was still possible for Jews to transfer in free foreign currency some $6,000, while the remainder of their capital was 'blocked' in the Reich. As these blocked 'emigrant' and 'credit' marks could be used for a variety of business, tourist and charitable purposes, a considerable trade soon developed in them. Owners of blocked accounts sold them to foreign or German banks, which in turn resold them to foreigners who wanted them for transactions in Germany.

At the beginning of 1933, the rate for these blocked marks was still very high—it vacillated between 75 and 80 per cent of the official mark rate of exchange. Since then the rate has fallen steadily, partly because the German authorities have increasingly restricted the ways in which emigrants and credit marks can be used and partly because the amounts available for sale have risen considerably. Moreover, the German Government through the agency of the Gold Discount Bank has increasingly manipulated the blocked mark rate—needless to say, in a downward direction. As a result the rate of credit marks earlier this year stood at a discount of 82.5 per cent.

After payment of the Reich emigration tax and sale of their blocked mark

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funds, emigrants were left with only approximately 10 per cent of their original capital. But even this rate of spoliation did not seem drastic enough to the Nazi authorities, and the new restrictions imposed on the sale of emigrant and credit marks virtually bring the transfer of Jewish capital out of Germany to a complete standstill. For the 5,000 marks (nominally $2,000) whose sale is still permitted the emigrant now only receives the paltry sum of $200. That is the total amount he can transfer abroad. As a result, the discount rate on credit marks has risen to over 88 per cent.

The way is now clear for the German Government to use the Jewish funds in Germany as it likes. Already instances are known where the Government has informed Jewish business men who had to sell their business interests, that the sale would only be permitted if the cash received were immediately invested in Government bonds. Altogether it is clear that the Nazis are making a special effort to insure the smooth working of their armament and Four-Year Plan finance at the expense of a hapless minority.

Meanwhile the incorporation of Austria into the economic and political framework of the Reich is proceeding apace. But while the Nazis have taken no chances and have drawn the political and administrative net of their rule as closely as possible, they have been unable to prevent some serious friction from arising. Prussian officialdom has never been popular in Austria. Coupled with Nazi brutality and corruption, it is more of a plague to the average Austrian than he could ever have feared. Moreover the large mass of the Austrian Nazis—job-hunters, in the words of Herr Bürkel, the Nazi Governor in Austria, if ever there were any—has had a bad shock. Almost without exception positions of importance in Austria have been filled with Germans or Austrians who have lived in the Reich for several years.

The unavoidable economic difficulties caused by the merger of two different economic units seem also to have come as an unpleasant surprise to the majority of Austrians who had been led into the belief that immediate prosperity would result from the *Anschluss*. Instead, the cost of living in Austria is rising by leaps and bounds, whereas a veritable war is waged by Herr Bürkel against those employers who are raising wages. Five years of growing autarchy and limitless credit expansion have made Germany an extremely expensive country. Austria, on the other hand, has been under the necessity of exporting goods and amenities and was consequently forced to keep internal costs down as far as possible. This discrepancy the German authorities after the *Anschluss* tried to overcome by a substantial devaluation of the mark against the schilling. The new relation of 1 mark against 1½ schillings (as compared to the former 1 mark against 2 schillings) has, however, proved insufficient to remove the German-Austrian price disparities. The Austrian public consequently shows a strong tendency to count 1 mark equal to 1 schilling.

This in itself is enough to cause serious embarrassment to the authorities in their endeavors to prevent the Austrian price level from rising immoderately. Also the fact that Austria is well stocked with goods, such as pure woollen fabrics, which the German consumer has been unable to

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obtain for several years, has caused a major run on Austrian shops by German tourists. The temptation for shopkeepers to raise prices in contravention of official decrees has proved irresistible, and the Austrian press is full of reports of severe penalties imposed.

No doubt these and similar frictions will continue for some time, and they may even lead to some kind of drastic clean-up by the Nazi authorities. At the same time it is easy to exaggerate their political significance. No regional and sectional dissention can succeed in holding its own for any length of time against the concerted power of the Nazi State.

[*Since this article was written, the German Government, under a British threat of forced clearing, which would have interfered with the trade relations of the two countries, has committed itself partly to meet the debt service on the Austrian loans. Since the United States is not in a position, because of the export surplus in her trade with Germany, to use similar threats, no arrangements have been made so far in favor of the American holders of Austrian bonds.* THE EDITORS.]

II. TESTAMENT TO THE AUSTRIAN LEFT

By OTTO BAUER

Translated from the *Sozialistische Kampf*, Paris German-Language Socialist Bi-Monthly

[*This article, written by the distinguished Austrian Socialist shortly before his death, is significant as his last outline of a program to fight Fascism.*]

AFTER the conquest of Austria by the German Army the proletarian parties in Austria are faced with the question: shall Austrian Socialism continue the struggle for Austria's independence which it has conducted since 1933? Or can the liberation of the Austrian people be achieved only by freeing the entire German people from its Fascist oppressors? Austria's two proletarian parties have given diametrically opposed answers to this question. The Communists, in common with the Legitimists, the Fatherland Front and the Church, advocate the restoration of an independent Austria. The Socialists, on the other hand, believe that the Austrian people cannot be liberated simply by breaking away from the Reich, but only by a revolution directed against German Fascism as a whole.

To be sure, the annexation of Austria by the Third Reich, as Hitler has carried it out, is quite different from the *Anschluss* for which Austrian Social Democracy fought at the end of the War. We desired a free union with a democratic Reich on the basis of a broad autonomy, within which the German people of Austrian stock would have administered their affairs through men and women freely elected from their midst. Hitler's forcible annexation has placed Austria under German bondage—has subjugated her to the machinery of German Fascism, which now rules Austria with imported satraps alien to the Austrian people and has destroyed all Austrian self-government.

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The opposition of the Austrians to these imported despots has already begun in the rank and file of the civil service; it will penetrate into the ranks of the workers as soon as they realize that all the better positions will be filled by members of the German Labor Front. We shall have to develop and utilize this opposition of the Austrian masses against the alien rule of Fascism. But toward what goal shall this opposition be directed?

When, in 1918, the Hapsburg Monarchy collapsed, we predicted that Austria, dismembered by the treaty of St. Germain, would not be able to subsist. In fact, there followed twenty years of economic disintegration; our trade and industry declined; not only did one-fourth of our workers fall prey to unemployment, but a large part of our middle class and intelligentsia became impoverished. As our markets shrank, Austria grew more and more dependent upon help from abroad.

This sad state of affairs will now be rapidly overcome. Since German capital has made our natural resources and our means of production part of the German *Wehrwirtschaft*, there will be an increased market for Austrian industrial and farm products; for the moment, at least, the problem of structural unemployment will be alleviated. But we believe that the incorporation of Austrian economy into the Great German economy will also mean increased exploitation of Austrian workers and employees. They cannot forever be protected against unemployment nor Austrian production from a slump. The tremendous expansion of German war economy is bound to end, if not in war, then certainly in a severe economic crisis. For under no circumstances, can a state-controlled economy, based on capitalist institutions, prevent depressions and protect the workers against cyclical unemployment.

But right now the people of a country where for fifteen years every working class family has been affected by unemployment are happy to find work, even though it is work in the armaments industries which are preparing for war. Within a year's time Austrian economy will have been merged with the economy of Greater Germany to such an extent that it will be impossible to separate the two without bringing Austria to the brink of an economic disaster similar to that which followed upon the dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.

II

Even if Socialism were able to enlist Austrian workers, employees and farmers, as well as the Austrian intelligentsia, in a struggle for the restoration of independence, an independence which would mean a return to depression and unemployment, by what means and under what conditions could this aim be achieved? Austria cannot be severed from the Third Reich except after a war in which the Reich has been defeated—a defeat that would inevitably unleash a social revolution in Germany. But would Austrian Socialists desire to separate from a revolutionary Germany?

Undoubtedly, Separatist movements would be bound to emerge under such circumstances not only in Austria, but also in other parts of Germany. The capitalist bourgeoisie would attempt to seize their chief centers of production lest they fall into the hands of a revolutionary, a proletarian, a Red

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Germany. The Catholic-Legitimist-Separatist group would be the Vendée of the German revolution and, in working for the reëstablishment of Austrian independence, we would merely be paving the way for it.

Today the illegal movement in Germany and Austria can do no more than provide individual units with the clearest and most concrete information as to the work they will have to do once the masses of the German people are set in motion. That is why we must not let utopian schemes divert the illegal proletarian movements in Austria from their real task: that of preparing themselves for a Great German revolution. They must concentrate on expanding and strengthening their contacts in industries and working-class districts so that when the time comes they will be ready.

Basically we adhere to the idea of joint action of both proletarian parties in Austria. A conflict between Socialists and Communists would be a senseless and useless waste of valuable proletarian strength which should instead be directed against their common enemy. But concerted action of the two proletarian parties in Austria was already weakened and shaken in Schuschnigg's time by the fact that the Communist Party, in its anxiety to form an Austrian People's Front, sued for an alliance with the clerical groups—those same groups which were in part responsible for the bloody suppression of the Austrian working class in February, 1934, and which have since supported the corporate dictatorship. Now, after the *Anschluss*, coöperation between the two proletarian parties will be even less likely if the Communists still want to carry on a fight for Austrian independence in alliance with those same reactionary forces.

Clerico-Fascism destroyed any possibility of Austria's resisting the Third Reich when it deprived the working class of its rights and thus excluded it from the ranks of Austria's defenders. Clerico-Fascism saved Hitler the trouble of crushing the workers' organizations and workers' rights in Austria by doing that work itself. The Nazi Government is now able to pose before the Austrian workers as the liberator from the dictatorship of the February assassins. It has played upon the sympathies of the Austrian workers by reinstating the February fighters into their jobs and by demonstrations at the graves of the fallen *Schutzbündler*. Nothing can compromise proletarian Socialism more in the minds of Austrian workers than its having any connection with those same reactionary forces, or more severely shake the faith of the working class in the ultimate aim of the proletarian movement than to put forth as a goal Austrian independence—which for the workers is linked up with memories of unemployment and misery.

For all these reasons we should be critical—not reactionary—in the face of annexation. We must constantly hold up to the Austrian people the despotic rule of German Fascism. We must prove that the forcible annexation of Austria by the Third Reich was not *Anschluss*, not the national unity of freedom which we desired in the days of the collapse of the Hapsburg Monarchy. Our battle cry should not be 'Restoration of Austrian Independence,' but 'A Great German Revolution,' which alone can free Austria as well as Germany from the despotic rule of the Fascist tyranny.

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The deepest of bomb shelters offer no refuge from fear of sudden death.

Bombs *Over* Barcelona

By JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

IN ORDER to get a fuller picture of what air raids in Barcelona mean, it might be worth while to study the official minute-to-minute log kept by the Air Defense of Barcelona. It is a long document covering thirteen successive raids. For instance, at 1:58 P.M. on the second day—that is, just at the beginning of the sixth raid—there is the entry:—

> 1:58—The Air Department instructs us to sound alarm. We do so at once.
>
> 1:59—Air Observation informs us that alarm is due to presence of five Rebel airplanes.
>
> 2:00—We are asked for ambulances from the following eight places where bombs have dropped.

We notice there are only two minutes between the alarm and the reporting of the bombs. That means that in actual fact the bombs must have dropped before the alarm. The real order of events was: bombs dropped, airplanes seen, alarm given. I was told by an Air Department technician: 'We have the latest electro-magnetic and sound detectors. We can detect an airplane engine fifty miles off; but that did us no good in these raids. They came silently. They rose to thirty thousand feet, shut off their engines and glided a hundred miles. They reached Barcelona undetected and dropped their bombs from ten thousand feet before we knew they were here.'

When people heard the sirens, they got under cover, either in their own houses, the metro or a shelter. Here is what a responsible official of one shelter told me: 'A raid's a very different thing if you see it from your own house or from a refuge. About five hundred people come to my refuge, mostly women, old people and children. Many of them, terrified by the explosions, won't leave again for hours. Sometimes a family comes in and at once misses one of the children. Nobody knows where it is. In the dark street outside you can hear people shouting anxiously, trying to find their way. I stand at the door with an elec-

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tric torch, like a sort of lighthouse. From below me in the refuge I hear children crying, everyone complaining.

'There's plenty of misfortune to see. There's a family, for instance, with a twenty-year-old son who's a paralytic. Every time they hear the mournful siren, the father and mother, helped by the neighbors, lower him to the bottom of the refuge in a chair.'

Many people crowded into the metro and stayed there all day. A friend of mine told me: 'I tried to go into the metro. But that was terrible. So many people had gone there that there was no room for anyone to sit down or lie down. They stood wedged there hour after hour. Imagine children crying, with the bodies of older people stifling them; and not only the children—women got hysterical. And the smell after some hours! It went on like that all those days.'

2:00—We are asked for ambulances from eight places where bombs have dropped.

The Hotel Colon, one of the places affected, is in the Plaza de Catalunya, the Trafalgar Square of Barcelona. I talked to a man who had been enlisted to help in the salvage work there. He told me that it took one hundred men working day and night two weeks to get the road clear for traffic and nine days before the last body was got out. Such work cannot be done quickly. You cannot use steam shovels where there may be injured people. The damage in this case was exceptionally heavy; the shock threw the fronts of ten or more houses into the road, but then the help was exceptionally numerous because of the importance of the boulevard. Here is an eye-witness account of salvage in a less important area:—

'The Calle Arimon is narrow and about fifty yards from end to end. It was entirely impassable to traffic. Twenty-four hours after the bombing many bodies had not yet been recovered. Two armed members of the Guardia de Asalto were on duty at either end of the street. They stopped all male passers-by to find men able to help. Engaged in the work were some dozen boys. Most were lined up chain fashion and passed from hand to hand bricks, masonry, pieces of furniture. Others were poking about with sticks trying to locate the bodies of their families. One solitary guard was assisting. A boy suddenly shouted that he had found something. The guard went to the spot and lifted out the body of a child of two or three. It was entirely naked as the force of the explosion had burned away every shred of clothing. The guard looked at it closely for a moment and recognized it as his own child. He wrapped the remains in some linen and signaled to the workers to continue.'

2:25—We inform all military ambulances, Red Cross, and local boards that all dead and wounded of this latest bombardment must be taken to the General Hospital.

That means, of course, that the Clinical Hospital is now filled up and also its mortuary. By 'local boards' is meant what we would call air wardens; each large block of flats elects its own from among the people who live there. If an alarm goes off, it is his duty to advise the neighbors what to do; if a bomb drops, he telephones for whatever help is required and musters the neighbors to take their part in the rescue work. Everybody has to turn to

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and do something; that is why there are never many men in the shelters.

2:31—We are informed that bombs have fallen in the following places: University Street, University Square and Catalunya Square.

This report came half-an-hour after the last entry about bombs, but the bombs fell with the others just before two o'clock. For the last half-hour the bombers have been speeding toward their base again. Accurate official observers agreed that on no occasion did the bombers stop more than two minutes; but of course the people thought themselves in danger most of the forty hours. We can say that thirteen visits of two minutes, twenty-six minutes in all, disorganized a million and a half people for forty hours and more.

2:42—We give 'All clear' signal.

3:50—We are informed that a serious fire has broken out in No. 24 Carretas Street. We inform the Fire Department.

That is rather an important entry. Fire—probably a gas pipe or something in a ruined house, because I was definitely told there were no incendiary bombs.

4:20—We are informed from Gava that during the night and this morning they have been bombed several times. Two houses have been destroyed—eight dead and seven wounded.

4:35—We are informed that the Novetats Theater has been destroyed.

5:00—We are informed from Prat that in this morning's bombardment seven bombs fell on the beach without damage.

7:30—Victims of the last bombardment are reported as follows: General Hospital—eighty dead, two hundred and twenty-nine wounded; Clinical Hospital—three hundred and thirty-five dead, three hundred and fifty wounded.

Those figures mean very little. At this moment, at 7:30 P.M., rescue parties are working at perhaps one hundred points where high explosive bombs have caused destruction and most of the victims are still under the ruins.

10:19—The Air Department instructs us to sound alarm. We do so at once.

And so another raid, the seventh, begins—the whole cycle starts over again and continues, according to the log, for exactly twenty-four hours more.

II

As far as casualties are concerned, I was privately informed by a member of the Government that they estimate those incurred during the March raids at three thousand killed, five thousand hospital cases—not to speak of perhaps twenty thousand minor injuries. That sounds bad enough, though it is nothing compared to three days' offensive in the late war, but—as someone said to me—these raids carried out with the 'technique of silent approach' and repeated again and again are not so important for the deaths they cause as for what they do to the living. Everyone agreed that they came very near destroying the morale of all Barcelona, for the time being, at any rate. Here is an eye-witness account illustrating what effect these raids actually had on people's minds:—

'Suddenly we heard explosions and at once the anti-aircraft guns opened up. People scattered crazily in all directions. Fifteen thousand feet up ap-

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peared three or four aluminum-colored planes. They seemed to be directly overhead. A group of people had run up a small alleyway bordered by two high walls. They pressed themselves against these walls. They sprang from one side to the other in the crazy belief that the wall opposite would give more protection than the one they had left. Meanwhile they looked up at the planes and, according to the impression they got of the position of the planes in the sky, they moved from one side to the other of the alleyway. Some continued running down the alley. They were running away from bombers speeding along at three hundred miles an hour!'

One of the chief official photographers expressed the general reaction thus: 'Don't hope for any photos taken soon after the bombs dropped. I've been bombed in trenches, in Madrid, in Valencia, in Barcelona, before this and taken photos all the time; but when *these* bombs dropped, I found my legs taking me to the metro and there I stopped. There were seven of us photographers, and it happened to all of us. You probably can't understand this—anyway, there are no photos immediately after a bombing.'

Tens of thousands tried to get away to the mountains. Here is a description of how one man felt, who stood for five hours in a queue to get a railway ticket to take him anywhere out of the city. 'As two hours passed from the last "all clear," I began to be sick with terror. There we were near a "military objective," the station, and the time had come for the next raid. I tried to steady myself by thinking, "If they come, many will run for shelter, and then I shall have a better chance of getting a ticket." But of course, if they had come, I would have found myself running too. Fortunately they did not come again, but we did not know that they were not coming.'

But these individual reactions fail, I think, to give the idea of the mass panic as one raid followed another. From what I have seen and heard I think that air raids are to be thought of chiefly as an attack on the nerve centers of the man in the street. They are a psychological weapon and must be countered by purely psychological means.

The chief defense—mind you, I'm only talking about my own and other people's experiences in Barcelona—the chief defense against panic and fear seemed to be to have something to do, to have a job. The people I saw fainting or being sick or crying were those with nothing to do, whether they were crowded into air-raid shelters, or running about in the open. It is the feeling of isolation, of helplessness, that is the danger. It is like being out in a thunderstorm on top of a hill. You feel that you are the center and must be struck—and the way to get over this is to be doing something, along with other people. The Barcelona raids seem to show that Air Raid Protection has psychological problems to deal with; we have got to protect not this or that military objective, but the chief military objective of all, our own nerves.

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Remembrance of forbidden tenderness and lost youth in an oriental garden.

Nôuri

By Robert Riquez

Translated by Lucy Cores
From *Marianne*, Paris Liberal Weekly

I WAS five years old when my father decided to leave France and go to Egypt, where he was to occupy an important position. My mother, my two sisters and I followed him to that unknown Alexandria, which was henceforth to be our home.

Along the Mahmudiya Canal still stood the palaces of the Khedives, now fallen into ruins. All the great Moslem families have now moved to other, more sumptuous residences. Only Ibrahim Neyrahvi Pasha, a Minister of the former Khedive, still lived in his blue palace on the Mahmudiya Canal. My father met the Pasha in the bank where the latter used to go too often—he was constantly in serious financial straits. He lunched with him at the palace, and was enchanted by the great Turkish palace, with its blue walls, its colonnades, through which one had a splendid view of the Canal, and the great halls with marble flagstones. He immediately conceived the idea of living in this house. It took weeks of diplomatic negotiations to suggest this project to Ibrahim Pasha, who, although this arrangement was a financial godsend for him, consented to it with an air of giving way to an inconvenient whim of a friend.

He retained the state apartments, with the grand staircase, the harem quarters and the garden, and rented to my father the upper floor, which could be reached by a side staircase that heretofore had only been used by the servants. Our apartment was thus quite separated from the Pasha's establishment, which did not prevent us from immediately establishing neighborly relations.

After we had moved to the house, my mother expressed the desire to meet the Pasha's wife and a few days later we were invited to take tea in the *haremlik*. My sisters' long hair was carefully braided. They were dressed in their best frocks of lace over pink slips, and I wore my favorite sailor's costume.

A strange anomaly! This impressive aristocrat, full of arrogance and imbued with pretensions to French culture, was married to a simple little

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slip of a girl, a creature as timid and fearful as a bird. Brought up according to the ancient customs, she spoke only Arabic and could neither read nor write. She was exceedingly fair of complexion and used no cosmetics, except around the eyes, which were darkened by kohl. Was she beautiful? Certainly her features were regular, except for a slight heaviness around the cheeks.

My mother did not stay long, and upon leaving decided to guard as much as possible against any future repetition of this formal and tedious visit. But my sisters and I left the palace enchanted by our visit and asked nothing better than to come back. From that day on we spent much of our time on the terrace, trying to spy on what was going on in the garden. Actually, we could see very little, for the great carved-wood screens on the windows obscured most of the view. But we watched the shadows that passed to and fro ceaselessly behind the azure woodwork and that sufficed to feed our imagination.

One day we were caught spying. Our precipitous flight amused the Pasha's wife and she sent a slave to invite us to come and play in her garden. Our English governess accompanied us this time, and I can still remember her indignation when the Negro servant who brought us over made her understand that only the children were being received and that she was to wait in the little hall with the rest of the servants.

But what a sensation of delicious freshness enveloped us when we came into the garden, into which the sun penetrated only through the mingled branches of the great trees. I still remember how the banyan and karob trees rustled that day when I walked for the first time along the shady paths of the old Neyrahvi garden.

The central walk brought us to a small grotto, through which there flowed a cascading brook. On each side of the grotto a narrow spiral staircase, wreathed in bougainvillia, mounted to a long, covered terrace overlooking the Canal. Our hostess was lying on the couch in the corner. She smiled to us and embraced us, murmuring affectionate words in her sweet, monotonous voice. Soon a tray with sweetmeats was brought and the lady amused herself by giving us oriental cookies and jellies that we found delicious. Then she took us through the garden, holding each of my sisters by the hand, while I walked ahead, skipping between the cracks on the flagged walks. Finally she picked some flowers and made three bouquets which we were to give to our mother, and after having kissed us again, sent us back, in the care of the same huge black. Here our governess had her revenge. She slammed the door in his face.

II

This was the first of those radiant afternoons. As soon as I could, I would run down the stairs to the portal, where, perched on tiptoe, I would reach for the bell cord. The Negro, recognizing my ring, would not even bother to look through the peephole before admitting me. He would show his white teeth in a broad grin and kiss my hand, which flattered me a good deal. What I liked less were the caresses of the servants. Knowing my position as a favorite in the household, they felt themselves obliged to surround me with thousands of little attentions.

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Their mistress's reception was entirely different, and her kiss seemed very sweet to me. She lacked the expansiveness of the slaves, but, on the contrary, seemed always dreamy and sad, which used to distress me. After having succeeded in making her laugh one day when I told her an Arabic compliment that I learned, I made a practice of always having some new word in her language whenever I came to see her. The more halting my rendition, the more she laughed, and her fresh, ringing tones enchanted me.

We would go to the terrace, where the tray of sweetmeats would await us. After stuffing myself, I would sit down next to Madame Neyrahvi and play with the transparent muslin veils, which she always wore. She would take me on her knees, and cradling my head in the hollow of her arm, rock me gently, intoning a long dreamy chant. Through a veil that flowed across my face, I would see slow-moving Egyptian barques, with their gigantic sails, gliding across the Canal in a strange orange light that merged into mauve as the sun went down. I breathed in the perfume her garments exuded, that sweet and heady perfume I have never since encountered, unless perhaps in the incense mixed with musk that is used in the Coptic churches. And I listened attentively to her song, where the same theme was repeated incessantly, interspersed with variations that she made ever more drawn-out, and which aroused in me a tension that relaxed only when she reverted to the original theme in a lower, conclusive key.

It was strange. My own mother would often take me on her lap and cover me with kisses. But the delight that I experienced in her arms was different from that I felt in Madame Neyrahvi's presence. Perhaps it was because of the perfume. Perhaps my mother's rigid corsets, and the cold stiffness of the silks she wore failed to produce in me the delicious languor that I knew in the arms of the oriental woman, whose muslin veils only faintly cloaked the softness and warmth of her body. It might have been that her embrace awakened in me a kind of prescient infantile sensuality. One fact was certain; there was jealousy in my feeling toward her. One day, when my mother hugged me, I suddenly thought that perhaps my friend also had a little boy whom she would caress. Immediately I made inquiries and learned that the Pasha's son was a big boy now and had no time to play with his mamma. My mother did not attempt to explain to me the hard law of the harem, which permitted the son only formal visits, during which his mother received him heavily veiled.

III

Three years passed and there was not a day I did not go to see the Pasha's wife. I learned a little Arabic and she, on her side, learned a little French, so that finally we were able to talk together after a fashion. She would tell me naïve little harem stories that she heard from some visitor or a peddler. She had an affectionate nickname for me—Nôuri, which in her language meant 'light of my life.' When I would leave her, she would say in French: '*Au revoir*, Nôuri.' She would half close her eyes, and passing the back of her hand across my cheek, she would gently pinch it between her two fingers, and

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kiss it, murmuring 'Allah!'—an ancient oriental expression of tenderness.

One evening as I was leaving her I encountered on the grand marble staircase the Pasha, ascending slowly, leaning heavily on his cane. This exalted personage stopped and threw me a surprised glance that softened when the Negro whispered to him that I was the little Frenchman.

'Good day, my young friend,' he said, tapping my cheek. 'You are getting to be a tall young man now. How old are you?'

'Eight and a half,' I replied, adding a fictitious half a year.

'Eight and a half! Well, well! And we go to school, don't we?'

'Yes, I am in the ninth grade,' I replied proudly.

'But that is very nice, very nice! Give my compliments to your parents. Goodby, my little friend, goodby.'

He followed me with his eyes until I passed the portal. Before closing the door I had time to see him pointing to me with his cane, and once out, I heard him addressing the Negro in a tone quite different from that he used with me. A sad presentiment seized me, as if the encounter were a bad omen.

The same evening, my father, dismounting from his carriage, was met by the Pasha's Negro, who, after a flowery preface, told him that his master will always be happy if the French lady and her two daughters were to visit his wife, but that the young man was henceforth asked to abstain from visiting the harem.

And so, abruptly, closed this charming chapter of my childhood.

We grew up, my sisters and I. The sleepy Orient lost all of its charm for us. All it meant to us was the heat, the flies, the tortuous streets—how different from the Thousand and One Nights atmosphere of our childhood!

Then I reached the age of the first cigarette, the first long trousers, the first outings with my friends. At the age of sixteen, I was given the privilege of escorting my sisters into society. I was tall and seemed older than I really was. My father gave me a dinner jacket and my mother a magnificent scarf of white silk, with my initials embroidered on it. I was rather bored at those evenings. The snobbish society ladies intimidated me; I much preferred the more complaisant girls of the Ramleh Boulevard. My sisters would often take pity upon me and help me to escape. After confiding their care to some friend, I would leave the ball to rejoin my friends. Thus I had a free evening which I would spend in my own way.

IV

One evening, coming home at dawn after such an escapade, I found that the door was locked and that the porter had retired for the night. What was to be done? I thought of the scene that would ensue when my father, who used to get up early, would find me missing. I called again, hoping that someone would hear me. And indeed, I was heard. The window on the ground floor opened and an indistinct profile appeared between the shutters.

'Who are you?' a startled voice asked in Arabic.

I told my name and a silence followed. After a while, the voice said:

'Is it you, Nôuri?'

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The forgotten name suddenly came back to me. 'Yes, it is I. It is Nôuri.'

'Wait,' said the voice, and the window closed. A moment later I heard a shuffle of slippers on the flagged floor; then I heard someone's hands groping along the door, trying to open it. But the door would not open.

'Nôuri,' said the voice. 'Go around the house and I will open for you the garden door.'

At that moment, for the first time, the voice awakened in me old slumbering memories. It was the gentle, monotonous voice of long ago, the voice that used to sing while I watched the boats drifting across the Canal. I made my way toward the garden gate, somewhat moved at the fact that I was going to see Madame Neyrahvi again. Now I remembered everything; the great black eyes, the perfume, the dazzling smile, the multicolored muslin veils.

The garden gate opened with a plaintive creak. I entered. Behind the door I saw a shapeless white form. Then, as it moved, I recognized in the dim light of the dawn a creature whose garments produced in me a violent desire to laugh. I could have sworn that the old woman before me wanted to disguise herself as a phantom. She was wearing a long gown of white linen, over which a dressing gown had been thrown; and a shawl covered the face, held up by a hand, of which I could only see the fingers. This swelter of garments covered a body that was deformed by obesity.

No, this could not be Madame Neyrahvi. It must be one of her slaves. They all knew me as the little Nôuri. There was nothing astonishing in the fact that she had called me by this name. I turned my eyes away from the white form gliding before me and looked at the garden through which we were passing. It was a desolate spectacle. Thickets of bramble-bushes overran the garden. There were no more flowers, nothing but weeds that flourished everywhere. We entered the dark house. I could see before me nothing but the white form that I followed on tiptoe, holding my breath. Finally she opened the door that led out to our staircase, and a faint light filtered through. I tried to distinguish her features beneath the thick shawl that had fallen away from her face. But the hand nervously readjusted the shawl and all I could see was one bright shining eye.

'Many thanks,' I said, bowing, and ran up the staircase, while the little door closed behind me cautiously.

I heaved a relieved sigh as I thought of the scolding from my father that had been avoided. But the next day I had another one from my mother, who had discovered that the night before I had lost the beautiful embroidered scarf she had given me.

'This is the last time that I give you anything,' she said angrily—a promise, that, needless to say, she did not keep.

A few months later, I left for France, where I was to finish my studies, and didn't come back to Egypt until many years later. I found our house entirely transformed. My father had renovated the wing in which we lived. He had planted a winter garden, redecorated all the rooms and put in an elevator. But our rooms had somehow lost the gaiety of long ago. My sisters were married and gone, and their rooms stood empty and silent. My father had aged prematurely and my mother was often ill.

One day, as we were finishing our

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breakfast, the old servant told us, as he poured our coffee, that the Pasha's wife had just died.

'Oh, the poor thing,' my mother exclaimed, clasping her hands. 'She must still have been very young!'

'You'll have to go to the funeral,' my father told me. 'The young bey is your comrade. But you will have to make my excuses to the Pasha. I am too tired to go down.'

V

In the grand salon where Madame Neyrahvi had once received us, I found her son sitting disconsolately slumped in a chair, surrounded by a few friends. I approached and took his hand. His eyes, I noticed, were fixed on the coffin, that was standing on the floor in the middle of the room, still open. Two women were arranging the flowers about the dead woman, whose shape one could barely distinguish beneath the shroud.

'Let everything be as she would have wanted it,' the son murmured to the slaves. As they withdrew from the coffin, he fell on his knees, weeping, trying to embrace the body. The frenzied gesture of the young man disarranged the folds of the cloth. I shrank back, trembling with emotion and with difficulty holding back the cry that rose to my lips. For in the corner of the white cloth bound about the dead woman's brows, I saw my embroidered initials. It was the white silk scarf that my mother had once given me!

Then it was she, this dead woman, who had opened to me the door into the garden ten years ago. This dead old woman was the beautiful lady of my childhood, whom I had loved so much. I had forgotten her quickly, for life was opening before me. But she, a recluse in her harem, cherished the forbidden tenderness and was content to watch me from afar, from behind her window. Her love for the little foreign boy had continued. She had extended it to the adolescent, whom she saw playing, half-naked, on the veranda, to the young man to whom, in defiance of all laws, she had opened the gate to the garden of the women. I remembered again her eyes shining from behind her shawl, and how she trembled.

The heavy, worn-out body, that years have altered so cruelly, has kept the loving heart of the days gone by. I took a last look at the white silk scarf that she must have kept near her for so many years and that she wanted to be buried with her. . . .

The pall-bearers approached and lifted the coffin which, with its flowing draperies, now resembled a litter. The doors to the women's quarters opened and the women, unveiled, with their hair in disorder, rushed to the coffin, crying shrilly and beating upon their breasts. One word from the angry Pasha silenced them. They threw themselves down, with their faces to the ground, and a long silence followed their cry. Then the voices of the pall-bearers, who were descending the great staircase, took up the age-old Islam chant: —

There is no God but Allah
And Mohammed is his prophet.

The chant was reiterated over and over again until it died in the distance. Then the relatives and slaves rose and went into the next room to divide among themselves the worldly possessions of the dead woman.

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An international lack of humor; brief note from Equatorial Africa; and Vladivostok plans for war.

Miscellany

I. Provocations!

By Y. Y.

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

IT IS never safe to make a joke in this world. We have become sensitive. Probably, we always were.

Nations, I fancy, are more easily provoked than individual human beings. I have known human beings named 'Beef,' 'Snuffy,' 'Baldy,' 'Fatty' and 'Philosopher,' and they all responded to their names genially as to terms of affection. If you referred to a French football team as the 'froggies,' however, I imagine they would resent it. I do not see why, since Frenchmen do eat frogs and regard them as a delicacy. I have heard even English gourmets commending frogs' legs enthusiastically as more delicious than the breast of chicken.

We do not like to be laughed at, however, even for our good taste. We suspect ridicule in the laughter, and we are therefore provoked by it. We forget that the inhabitants of one country are always a little ridiculous to the inhabitants of another, and that we ourselves must be objects of ridicule to all the peoples of the earth except our own.

It is not only jocular names that give provocation, however. Even names, used quite seriously and in the friendliest fashion, may cause offence. Thus you must be careful not to call a Canadian or an Australian a 'colonial.' As there is no alternative word to denote an inhabitant of one of the self-governing Dominions, Englishmen often innocently do so and are surprised when they are corrected. To the ordinary non-political Englishman a colony and a Dominion are much the same thing; to the Canadian and Australian, however, 'colony' implies dependence, whereas 'Dominion' implies independence. Hence, to call a Dominionite—odious invention!—a 'colonial' is an offence against national pride. It is like calling an Irishman 'British.' There are Irishmen who object even to the use of the historic name 'British Isles' to describe Great Britain and Ireland and

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the Isle of Man. Robert Louis Stevenson had as strong an objection to seeing Scotland degraded into 'North Britain,' or 'N.B.,' in the addresses on envelopes.

We are certainly a touchy lot, we human beings. There are Canadians, I have been told, who would like to forbid you to call the United States of America 'America' or its citizens 'Americans.' The trouble is that, just as the English language contains no word to describe the inhabitants of the British Dominions beyond the seas as a whole, so it does not contain a word that describes an inhabitant of the United States of America. Englishmen in their innocence used to call him a 'Yankee,' but, as regards many Americans, this was found to be very offensive indeed.

II

It is not only, however, by using jocular names or tactlessly wrong names that one gives offence nowadays. It has become almost impossible to speak of any other nation except in terms of the grossest flattery without causing provocation. We have reached a point at which it is regarded as provoking to speak the truth about any other country except one's own. Some of the most highly placed men in Germany, for example, have recently denounced the English press on the ground that its reports on German affairs have been provocative.

It is evident that, if you do not wish to provoke Germany today, you must say, not only that National Socialism forbids Jews to sit in the ordinary seats in public places, but that it is a triumph of civilization to have forbidden Jews to sit on benches that should be reserved for Nordics. It may even be provocative to describe how German officers on certain occasions rescued Jews in Vienna from brutal assaults by Nazi free-lances, for the brutalities of Nazi free-lances should not be reported. The Germans have reached a stage, indeed, it which both impartial reporting and criticism are offences. They do not permit them in their own country, and they are quite sincere in not being able to understand why they should be permitted abroad. They claim Germany's right to a German way of doing things, but deny England's right to an English way of doing things—which includes freedom to criticize men in power and to make fun of them, if so inclined, within the limits of the law of libel.

The leaders of Germany say that the English way of doing things is very provoking. Even Mr. Neville Chamberlain finds it at times a little provoking. In the last resort, however, Englishmen usually admit that their fellow-countrymen are entitled to provoke them within reasonable limits. Democracy is based on the right of mutual provocation. This is known as the party system and works less badly than any other.

The Germans, however, cannot understand why they should be provoked, and they are very easily provoked. They declared the other day that Czechoslovakia was provoking them by assembling a certain number of troops on her border. Now, if it were conceivable that Czechoslovakia meditated an invasion and conquest of Germany, the indignation of the Germans would be intelligible enough, but the German sense of reality ought to tell them that an unprovoked Czechoslovakian attack is about as unlikely as an unprovoked attack by

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the Swiss navy. Knowing this full well, however, the Germans prefer to be provoked, as Æsop's wolf was provoked by the lamb. The truth is, all through history nations have been more easily provoked by nations weaker than themselves than by nations stronger than themselves. There is no greater provocation than for a nation to be weak or to appear to be weak.

I read very little history, but I never read it without being astonished at the readiness of nations to allow themselves to be provoked. Was not England once provoked into war by France by a jest about tennis-balls? Then there was a war with somebody about somebody called Jenkins's ear. After that, somebody threw some tea into some harbor or other, and this was thought to be provoking enough to justify yet another war. The Marxists, I have been told, have attempted to dignify history by maintaining that there is always an economic reason for war, and that the people who begin the war are clever business men who only pretend to be provoked in order to work on the emotions of their ignorant followers. I doubt this explanation. Pugnacious people thoroughly enjoy being provoked. Consider the servants of the Montagues and Capulets.

It was thought for a time after the war that the League of Nations would provide a cooling-room to which provoked nations could resort in order to be restored to a normal temperature. For the time being, however, that dream has fallen through, and, except in the democratic countries, the old game of being provoked is once more in full swing.

II. Letter from Lambarene

By Albert Schweitzer

Translated from the *Pariser Tageszeitung*, Paris German-Émigré Daily

FOR some days a blue haze has been hanging over the forest. At night the low-hanging smoke-clouds are replaced by myriad darts of flame, stabbing the dark horizon. For it is the dry season, when the thick woods must be cleared to make way for new plantations. Yet, despite the dryness, the heavy timber burns slowly and incompletely: when the first rains come toward the end of September, the fallen trees are only partially consumed. As a result, it is quite common to see corn and banana saplings sprouting up through a morass of charred branches, logs and stumps.

At this time of the year, with the red reflections against the evening sky, I am seized by compassion for the poor beasts that perish in these fires. In ancient China the burning of forests was regarded as a crime, because it meant painful death to so many creatures. Here it is a necessity for the natives. The forest giants cannot be cut up and removed. And what would the people do with so much lumber?

Whenever we clear the forest to extend the hospital plantation, we let the great logs lie, carrying home the branches for firewood, if they are not too heavy; for we need a great deal of fuel to operate the hospital. But what

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money and effort we must spend to clear a few acres of plantation land, since we refrain from burning down the forest in order not to lose the wood!

Fire is not only the simplest and cheapest way of clearing the land for cultivation, but has the added advantage of effecting excellent fertilization of the soil by the rich ash. Since the natives own no livestock, they have no alternative method of fertilizing. Plantation land so cleared bears fruit for three years before becoming exhausted. Then the natives are compelled to undertake the great labor of felling a new stretch of forest.

In the early spring, cases of bone fractures are brought to us for several nights running—accidents from the lumber camp. Consequently doctors and nurses must remain on duty for several days on end without a chance to get sufficient rest. We had a curious experience with several natives who came out of the deep interior to undergo operations for hernia. They seem to suffer no ill effects from the long and arduous journey, but shortly after their arrival we had to operate upon four of them immediately, on account of strangulated hernia. It developed that on the way they barely had had enough to eat. Here, they over-ate, causing the strangulation.

It still happens that patients tear off their bandages immediately after operation—because the bandages are uncomfortable; or that they rise at night to bathe in the river in order to cool their wounds. Generally no damage is done. It is to the credit of Libama and Piebi, the two black male nurses who supervise the surgical ward, that no more of these pranks are committed. Piebi is a former patient. He has only one kidney left. . . .

When the wounds are healed and the patients start on the journey home to the interior, they receive a large sack of coarse material in which to keep and carry their things. The sack also serves as a blanket at night. We give them bananas, manioc and rice—as much as they can carry. Since this supply lasts only for four or five days, however, and they may be on the way for months, each receives a little bag of salt. In the interior salt is used in place of money, so that they are able to buy supplies on the way. The salt also pays the ferryman for river crossings. Natives do not serve members of a strange tribe without compensation. . . .

We had much trouble last summer with a black hunter who was terribly mauled by a huge gorilla. He had wounded the beast, but, being out of ammunition, did not dispatch it. Unbeknownst to him the gorilla followed him home, waited in ambush near his hut and attacked him from behind when he emerged again. The beast tossed the man around, as though he were a ball, inflicting frightful wounds with its teeth all over his body. To clean and dress these wounds we had to keep him under the ether for more than two hours. It was months before he could leave the hospital, his hand still badly maimed.

Occasionally we have cases of snake bite. Since we can never be sure whether the snake was poisonous or not, all patients receive injections of anti-snake-venom serum. One man, who had been bitten in the arm, came too late. We were able to save his life, but had to amputate the arm.

The lumber trade is not very pros-

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perous at present, employing only part of the labor of the land and the natives devote more time to their plantations than usual. There is enough native food—bananas, corn and manioc—and little rice is used in the villages. The rice, incidentally, is not grown here but is imported from India. For some time we have seen only rare cases of beri-beri, a disease caused by deficiency of Vitamin B which appears with particular frequency in regions where the people live on an almost exclusive diet of rice.

III. Impregnable Vladivostok

By Yasuo Mishima

From *Gendai*, Tokyo Topical Monthly

THE strongest Soviet outpost in the Far East is unquestionably the military base at Vladivostok. It is even more important than the two other well defended ports, Petropavlovsk on the coast of Kamchatka and Nikolayevsk on the Amur. Situated at the southern extremity of the horse-shoe-shaped area that includes a part of the Manchukuo border, Vladivostok is a strategic point commanding the Sea of Japan, from which a direct attack may be made on the vital points in Japan.

From this base Soviet airplanes may fly across the sea to rain bombs on Japan; shock fleets may be sent out to cut the communication between Japan and Manchukuo and to create disturbance on the Sea of Japan and the Pacific Ocean that surround the Japanese Archipelago. As long as Vladivostok is in the hands of the Soviet Union, Japan can never be secure.

In the Far East alone, the Soviet Air Force comprises from 1,200 to 1,300 airplanes; and after the outbreak of the China Incident, the Soviet Government has planned to increase its strength drastically. Even now airplane parts are still continuously being transported from Moscow to the Far East, and it is certain that henceforth its number will become even greater. It is reckoned that in and around Vladivostok at least 30 per cent of the Soviet Far Eastern Air Fleet is concentrated, that is, from 400 to 500 warplanes. Of these, there are about 100 naval planes and more than 200 light and heavy bombers. Those machines, intended for the bombing of Japan, chiefly consist of the four-engined heavy bombers of the T.B.–3 type, with a speed of 175 miles per hour and a flying range of 1,560 miles. According to what we know, there are about 100 such bombers in the Far East. With a view to menacing Manchukuo and Korea, the Soviet Union of late has been making every effort to replace old medium bombers by machines of a new type having a speed of 250 miles per hour.

In order to reduce possible losses in air raids, the Soviet defense plan is now to decentralize her air force. For this reason, the warplanes which were formerly concentrated in Vladivostok and Khabarovsk are now scattered over a great number of bases and underground hangars are constructed in Vladivostok.

As to naval supremacy, the Soviet

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Union will not be able to contend with Japan. What she can do is to use naval guerrilla tactics, and this accounts for the fact that in the former days the Soviet Far Eastern Fleet consisted of only five destroyers, 50–60 submarines, 60–70 high-speed small torpedo boats and 30 submarine destroyers—but no capital ships and cruisers. It was only at a later date that warships for coastal defense, gun boats and other special service vessels were added. These high-speed small torpedo-boats are really like horseflies which can cause the death of the cattle. As for the submarines, 60 is really a big number.

Special training is given the submarine officers. In the Far East, the greater part of those who have won for themselves the Red Flag insignia, an emblem of honor in the Soviet fighting forces, are officers and men of the submarine flotilla. Special attention is paid to maneuvers in bad weather. According to recent reports, one warship belonging to the Black Sea Fleet and twenty more submarines are to be transferred to Vladivostok. The Soviet Government used to transport submarine parts by land or utilized foreign ships to do the job. As the present war in China drags on, the strengthening of naval force in Vladivostok may well be expected.

Here one thing deserves our utmost attention: the Soviet Union is now no longer content with the present status of her navy. It is expected that in the near future she will build up a great fleet to rival the Japanese Navy.

What would enable the Soviet Navy and Air Force to display their full fighting power is the establishment of the naval and air bases and the forts built for their protection. The forts are equipped with artillery of very large calibre, sheltered in steel and concrete emplacements capable of resisting large shells and bombs, and around it a series of *tochkas* are erected. Some time ago it was a question whether Vladivostok was fortified with guns of a calibre of sixteen inches upward and powerful enough to fight the Japanese fleet, but today the existence of such guns is no longer doubted. When these heavy pieces were put up has not yet been discovered, but it is certain that among them there are 20-inch guns or even larger ones.

What maintains the life of these forts is the line of *tochkas* built on the land surface.

The *tochka* is a small fortress built of reinforced concrete about 3 to 10 feet thick, capable of resisting shells and bombs. Machine-guns will defend it against attacking infantry, and mines and artillery will be used against the tanks. It is also proof against gas attack. For every 1500 or 1000 feet there is a *tochka*, and the whole line is dotted with these small fortresses in close succession. The *tochkas* in the second line are so arranged that they exactly fill the gaps of the first line. Further back and still further back there are other lines: one, two, three, and sometimes even four. And finally, behind all these *tochka* lines, there are the artillery fortifications. Communication between the rear and the *tochkas* is effected through telephone, radio, and tunnels.

Nor are these *tochkas* meant for the defense of Vladivostok alone. A permanently fortified belt consisting of *tochkas* extends from the southern bank of Lake Hanka through Spassk and Chernigovka to Nikolsk, finally linking up with the *tochkas* in and

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around Vladivostok. It stretches along the Soviet-Manchukuo border for 100 miles. In spite of all these defenses, preparations are made against a possible siege of Nikolsk and Vladivostok. Besides the military depots, war preparations, from munitions and electric industries down to food supplies, are all complete and in order.

Most likely, Vladivostok is even stronger now than what we have just described. It is said that even in the city *tochkas* and similar defense works are built. Vladivostok is indeed very difficult of access either by land or by sea: in fact, it has become impregnable.

The Word Dead and the Music Mad

By Stephen Spender

From the *Spectator*, London

The word on the hill
The music in the water—
The music reflects
The word on the guitar.

When the guns spoke
The fat poet fled
Till he came to Lerida,
Name peaceful as the dead.

The black spies watched
Trellised by balconies;
The poet hid in a cellar:
They reported to the police.

The police took down his name
And the words from his mouth,
They found in his pockets
A letter from the South.

While the police read the letter
The poet stood silent
Staring at a dream
Of his childhood's violence.

He saw light flood a pillar
Stating summer's total sum;
A wolf leapt from behind it
And devoured a white lamb.

The ink on the paper
Seemed the wolf that tore
The white flesh of innocence
In a barbarous claw.

The black police seized his wrists
And tied them in fetters.
They said 'A socialist
Wrote you this letter.'

They drew their revolvers
And they shot him there
On a midsummer day
In peaceful Lerida.

The balconies clanged
Their bars like guitars
Where the spies and lies shone
Through a night of stars.

The police dissected
The tongues of peasants
To cut out the words
The poet had made pleasant.

A musician, friend
Of the poet, rose
His mind struck through
With one song to compose.

The musician stared
At the stillness of one word
The splitting moment
Of the single chord

When space divides
And the bullet flies
And, spun into terror,
Like worlds, float eyes.

The word was 'death,'
And his mind froze
Fixed in the madness
Of terrible snows.

The word on the hill
The music in the water—
The music reflects
The word on the guitar.

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THE AMERICAN SCENE

ASSISTANT ATTORNEY-General Thurman Arnold's announcement of the Department of Justice's intention to prosecute the American Medical Association for violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act was a model of clarity, reasonableness and restraint. He argued that organized medicine was doing itself a wrong and the American people an injustice by threatening disciplinary action against doctors who joined medical coöperatives, such as the Group Health Association of Washington, D. C.

These coöperatives, of which there are more than two hundred and fifty in Great Britain and some sixty in this country, are insurance societies to which members contribute a small annual sum in return for sound medical care by licensed physicians. It is ridiculous to call them Fascistic or Communistic. They have functioned satisfactorily to all concerned, are increasing in number and seem to be the answer to the middle class's prayer for adequate medical care at prices within its range.

The contention of the officials of the American Medical Association that Mr. Arnold's statement implies that organized medicine shall have nothing to say about the competence of physicians or the scientific administration of hospitals is belied by the facts. Not even the Association itself has found real fault with the kind of treatment and hospitalization afforded by doctors ministering to medical coöperatives. What seems to irk the high officialdom of the Association is that medical coöperatives will put a curb on the high fees charged by certain physicians.

This narrow view, fortunately, is not shared by very many doctors. There is a large faction in the Association itself which is violently opposed to the stand taken by it as a body. In Boston the very highly esteemed Dr. Channing Frothingham, president of the Massachusetts Medical Society, has said: 'Organized medicine is making an awful mistake by not following the trend of public opinion in medical and hospital insurance plans.' To say that Dr. Frothingham is a Communist or a Fascist is absurd. One might as well call the *New York Times* Communist or Fascist on the ground that it has supported the idea of medical coöperatives for years.

ONE of the results of the recent primaries which should give satisfaction to Americans of all political faiths is the decisive defeat of the Reverend Gerald B. Winrod of Kansas for the Republican nomination for the United States Senate. He ran a poor third, receiving about 50,000 votes out of a total of 250,000, and he carried only five counties—all of them ancient hotbeds of Ku Kluxism—out of 105. The opposition which his confessed Fascist and anti-Semitic views aroused was state-wide, and included every political, religious, and fraternal group.

Nearly all the newspapers, from the Kansas City *Journal-Post* to the Topeka *State Journal*, exposed him, campaigning for his downfall for weeks and weeks. The fight which William Allen White carried on against Winrod

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was one of the most glorious in his career. Finally, credit should be given to John D. M. Hamilton, chairman of the Republican National Committee. Mr. Hamilton repudiated him publicly and vehemently. The entire episode was such as to bring peace of mind to all decent men and women.

THE recent uproar in the United Automobile Workers of America indicates a weakness in the leadership of the automobile union, one of the youngest and most powerful unions in the country, and brings to the front again the great harm which the battles among the various radical political groups can cause to organized labor. The three expulsions and one suspension which President Homer Martin forced could probably have been avoided by diplomacy. The four offending members, after all, were guilty only of having listened to the 'wrong people' and talked too much. They were not plotting treason.

The basic aims of the majority Martin faction and the minority faction are the same. They differ only in the company they keep. The Martin group enjoys the society of the Lovestoneites, while the other group enjoys the society of the Browder Communists. The latter seem to be furious that their enemies of ten years' standing should have so much influence with the officials of the automobile workers, and as a result have taken to name-calling and other forms of trouble-making. The Lovestoneites have responded in kind.

The Lovestoneites and the Communists together probably are less than 1 per cent of the entire membership of the UAWA, but so adept are both of them at making noise that they have split the automobile workers. They seem to be more interested in annoying one another than in helping build the union. There is evidence that the Lovestoneites have prevailed upon Martin and his colleagues to replace competent Communist organizers with incompetent organizers of their own, and that the Communists have blinked at, if not aided and abetted, unnecessary strikes in order to embarrass their rivals.

It is a pity that this irrelevant battle should threaten the integrity of so important a union as the UAWA and hence disorganize the automobile industry, bringing chaos and unemployment. Were Martin a less enthusiastic and more able man, he could easily handle the Lovestoneites and the Communists. David Dubinsky of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers have similar difficulties in their organizations, but they deal with them very effectively, in the main by paying little attention to the free advice offered by Mr. Jay Lovestone and Mr. Earl Browder. Mr. Martin should learn a lesson from Messrs. Dubinsky and Hillman, if only out of loyalty to his 300,000 union members.

AT THE last convention of the American Bar Association in Cleveland there was a strange display of soul-searching. One of the delegates went so far as to say that the reputation of the Association 'is that it represents rich clients and large corporations.' To lay at rest such qualms the newly-elected president, Frank J. Hogan, counsel for Edward L. Doheny in the Teapot Dome case, put through a motion calling for the appointment of a 'commit-

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tee on the defense of liberties vouchsafed by the Bill of Rights, with authority to take a staunch and militant stand, after impartially ascertaining the facts, wherever it is found that those rights are being threatened or impaired, and may otherwise go undefended for lack of public presentation.'

If the Bar really puts this resolution into effect, it will redeem its past record somewhat. That record, unfortunately, is not a pleasant one. As Mr. Lee Pressman has pointed out, the American Bar Association has been consistently silent on the Mooney case and on industrial espionage and did nothing in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. The Bar's committee on civil liberties can still do something about the first two. It can also get busy on Mayor Hague and make a thorough study of the opinion handed down last July 13 by Vice Chancellor Maja Leon Berry of New Jersey, in which he held that free speech was 'a qualified constitutional right' subordinate to property rights.

THE death of Pearl White brings to mind the great advances which the movie industry has made since *The Perils of Pauline*, of which she was the heroine, delighted audiences twenty years ago. It was frankly a thriller, but the class photoplays of its day, as the recent revivals of *Birth of a Nation* and *The Sheik* have shown, were really not much better. Their stories were of taffy all compact, the sheer mechanics of the films were jerky and shadowy, and the acting left much to be desired. Valentino, were he alive today, in all probability would have difficulty in getting a job even with a third-rate company.

Some critics maintain that the proper domain of the movies will always be low comedy. Maybe so, yet it is a fact that their essays into serious drama have often reached a high level. Such pictures as *Pasteur* and *Émile Zola* can stand comparison with some of the best plays on Broadway, and the same is true of so pleasing a comedy as *It Happened One Night*. The screen's best actors—Paul Muni, Walter Connolly, John Barrymore, Barry Fitzgerald—true enough, stem from the legitimate stage, but it has developed highly competent and even brilliant actors of its own, for example, Greta Garbo, Carole Lombard, James Stewart, Ginger Rogers.

Finally, there are the news-reels and animated cartoons. Of the first, *The River* is perhaps the most perfect example. Of the second, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* is easily the best. Both these features could never be produced on the stage. They are little masterpieces, and probably indicate the most effective field of endeavor for the films of the future. Thus there has been improvement all along the line. It is still considered a mark of superiority in certain quarters to sneer at the movies and to have only praise for the theater. It must not be forgotten, however, that while about 75 per cent of the films are worthless, the same number of plays in Times Square are equally worthless. The movies at least have the excuse of being an infant industry, about two thousand years younger than the stage.

—C. A.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

The Royal Visit

THE QUEEN'S SMILE

When M. Sarraut, Minister for the Interior, was thanked at the Council of Ministers for the measures he had taken for the security of the King and Queen he said: 'It was the Queen's smile that did everything.'

—*Sunday Chronicle*, London

INDISCRETION

During the Royal visit to Paris the interior decorator had hung a charming portrait of Madame du Barry, painted by Nattier over King George's bed. A few days later it was taken away. The officials explained this by saying: 'Just imagine the Queen coming in and seeing the portrait of the courtesan over the King's bed. That would have been a terrible *faux pas!*'

—*Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

NEVERTHELESS AND NOTWITHSTANDING

It was particularly noticed at the banquet given for the British King and Queen at Versailles that, politically important as was the King's speech in its stressing of democratic ideals, Lord Halifax walked in to dinner after the Papal Nuncio, with the wife of the German Ambassador on his arm.

—Hannen Swaffer in *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London

Mangled Metaphors

Our Shanghai contemporary says:—'The historical change that has taken place in the political set-up of Austria has sent a cold chill of apprehension down the spine of Czechoslovakia, a melting pot of various nationalities that may yet prove to be a tinder box liable to set the whole world on fire.'

Like when Nelson put the bugle to his blind eye and blew a blast that resounded throughout Europe.

—*Japan Chronicle*, Kobe

Surprise!

What most strikes people on meeting the Prime Minister for the first time is that he is human.

—Sir Charles Petrie in *Windsor Magazine*, London

Let's Go Nordic!

Mussolini's latest decision to classify the pure Italian race as Nordic has been greeted enthusiastically by the entire peninsula. The Italians have heard enough of those old stories about the Mediterranean race with its supposed admixture of Arab blood. They are tired of hearing that Latins are dark and like to talk with their hands. All this is over. The 100 per cent Italian is from now on a blond Aryan, with blue eyes, who, under no circumstances, ever speaks with his hands. Science has spoken. Every good Italian waits with an uplifted foot, ready to crush any degenerate who permits himself to question this scientific truth. A feverish process of adjustment is going on throughout the peninsula. Instead of the macaroni, spaghetti and the Milanese scallopini, they will from now on eat Frankfort sausages and boiled potatoes. Instead of chianti, they will drink Munich beer. Besides, Mussolini is now preparing a decree according to which everybody will have to cut his hair short within the next forty-eight hours; and the skulls must be sand-papered.

Racism marches on and nothing can stop it. We expect any day to see a manifesto appearing in Tokyo in which the Japanese will declare that they are tired of being the yellow race and that there was no reason why they should not from now on be, like everyone else, tall, blond Aryans with blue eyes—in proof whereof they are ready to make their Ministers jump through blazing hoops.

—André Guérin in *Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

Shanghai 'Paradise'

While it is not easy to maintain our living bodies in this congested place, we find it equally difficult to dispose of our corpses. The coffinmakers are now working overtime and hastening their production, but, due to the very high death rate, their supply falls short of the increasing demand. If it were not considered as inauspicious, many of our far-sighted people would purchase one or two coffins beforehand, as they store rice and fuel, to provide themselves against any eventualities happening to their family members. It is decidedly a policy of wisdom to take this precaution, for who can tell whether with the hot

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days, pestilence, a close companion of war, will not pay us a visit and exact an appalling toll from our sanitarily unprotected population? If it is difficult to secure the coffins now, it will be more difficult to obtain them when the death rate goes up even higher.

Another relative problem is the one concerning the storage of our filled coffins. At present, coffin storages, just as human inhabitations, are accommodated to the full extent. Unless some practical means can be devised to cope with the situation, it will soon come to a pass that both the living and the dead will fight for accommodation in this 'paradise on earth.'

—T. S. Young in *China Weekly Review*, Shanghai

Practically Solved

Mr. Chamberlain referred to what the Government had done for housing, and remarked that he thought they could say the housing problem was solved except for two strongholds —the destruction of the slums and the extinction of over-crowding.

—*Daily Telegraph*, London

Thus Spake Apollo

'Be beautiful.'—Herr Streicher to German Youth.

Unfortunately a London daily paper published a photograph of Herr Streicher on Monday.

—Janus in the *Spectator*, London

Playing Safe

It is significant that of the 700 Viennese Sokols who went to Prague for the great Sokol Festival, more than 300 refused to return to Vienna on the canny ground that 'Hitler is going to commit suicide by making war.' They averred that they would stay in Prague to 'fight on the winning side and return to Vienna—a little later.'

—*Week*, London

Collectors' Fever

The lust for art treasures is perpetually awake in the bosoms of certain Nazi potentates. Some time ago, Crown Prince Rupprecht von Bayern sent from his summer place at Tegernsee for two *objets d'art* at his Munich Residence: an antique chest and a tapestry. A few days later his custodian informed him regretfully in so many words that he was unable to send the pieces since they were no longer available. But the Crown Prince is no Jewish art collector who can be treated summarily. He immediately requested his lawyer to trace his property and to have it restored to him, by legal means, if necessary.

It took only a short time to have the two pieces returned to their owner. One was sent by Herr von Epp, Governor of Bavaria, the other by General Göring.

—Arnold Zweig in *Neues Tagebuch*, Paris

The Chosen People

The truth is that no country in Europe but our own can conceive it possible that action can be dictated by purely moral motives, entirely regardless of self-interest, and the sooner we recognize that we are the only country in Europe with a conscience, the better. We must recognize that our moral standpoint is beyond the comprehension of other European countries.

—Letter in the *Times*, London

Realpolitik

For the first time in twenty years England has stopped talking about collective security and is talking about her own security.

—*Choc*, Paris

Humpty-Dumpty

Although Lord Runciman has forgotten his poetical streak, this line lifted from his 19-page ode on Michelangelo might well apply to him as he sits on the Czech powder-keg today:—

And I was perched upon the terrace wall
In a high palace garden.
Chamberlain hopes he won't fall off.

—*The Foreign Observer*

Formal Denial

There have been an unusually large number of visitors to the Tower of London this year, including many foreigners. But we are able to deny the report that the Tower is to be closed to visitors temporarily owing to the dangers of espionage arising out of the serious crisis in Czechoslovakia.

—*Japan Weekly Chronicle*, Kobe

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Degenerate Art in London

THE current exhibition of German 'Degenerate Art' at the New Burlington Galleries in London has met with a somewhat mixed reception; in the main, however, the London critics, in a mellow and receptive mood, prompted, it is feared, more by political sympathies than æsthetic excitement, have only lightly damned with carefully qualified praise. Raymond Mortimer, in his article in the *New Statesman and Nation* quite frankly states the critic's problem:—

'Because Hitler has condemned works as degenerate, one is tempted to acclaim them. . . . That artists should be forbidden to exhibit (and even to paint for their private pleasure) because their works are not to the taste of politicians, civil servants and generals, is a disgusting and . . . almost unprecedented event. But . . . it is the critic's first duty to resist such temptations. . . . The general impression made by the Show upon the ordinary public must be one of extraordinary ugliness. And the instructed visitor, who has learned to appreciate contemporary painting of the least easily approachable order, is highly likely to agree on this point with the ordinary public.'

By French standards, it must be admitted, almost all the German painters in the current Show are in bad taste. But it might be questioned, in passing, whether French standards are necessarily world standards. Admittedly, the German mind and the French mind are dissimilar; if, then, pure art is the dramatization of subjective experience (or the crystallization of a state of mind) the German artist can hardly be blamed for not expressing himself along Gallic lines, nor can he be evaluated with an artistic yardstick of French manufacture.

In the beginning, the German Impressionists were, to a certain extent, dependent on the French School. But at the period when the French were gradually becoming preoccupied with a coldly intellectual abstraction of form and a palette almost puritanically devoid of color, the Germans veered into a phase of over-emphasis and color intensity. This sharp variance of the two schools is what now disturbs the London critic.

Liebermann, a provincial follower of the French Impressionists and, until the advent of Hitler, for many years President of the Prussian Academy of Arts, fares best with the critics. His early work, influenced by Millet, and his later enthusiasm, also reflected in his work, for Degas make him the most easily understood and least offensive to the English taste. Corinth and Kokoschka, with their adaption of Impressionist pure colors for violently emotional purposes, are, in consequence, disturbing. Lehmbruck, with his Gothic sculpture, and Paul Klee, with his strangely delicate coloring and refined texture, fare somewhat better.

It is, perhaps, unfortunate that these artists should have been forcibly grouped under one heading by an arbitrary ruling. As such, they are apt to assume in the public mind the significance of an artistic movement in rebellion against an existing official attitude. To the contrary, they are simply painters who happened to offend, in either style or subject matter, the thwarted tastes of the one-time painter, Hitler.

—J. H. S.

Dutch Cavalcade

By C. A. Lejeune

From the *Observer*, London

HOLLAND is planning to celebrate Queen Wilhelmina's Jubilee on September 3 with one of the most ambitious

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national films ever made in any country—a cavalcade of Dutch life, called *Forty Years*. The picture begins on the night of Wilhelmina's coronation, and ends, with a pardonable burst of anticipatory showmanship, on the very night of the Jubilee itself, when the film will have its première at the Hague, as part of the program of national rejoicings.

Forty Years has been sponsored and financed by the State. The script, by the playwright Van Eysselstjn, was the result of a nation-wide competition. The Queen herself has read and approved it, suggesting only two small additions—a reference to her husband, the Prince Consort, and an insert of a photograph of Princess Juliana, at three years old, for which she has a great affection.

The film is not in any sense a cut-and-dried 'documentary.' A fictional story of two intermarrying families runs right through the script, following the lives of a young doctor and his friend, a small factory-owner in Brabant, over three generations. The national life and development of Holland, the Boer War, the Great War, the slump, the modern progress of the Dutch in aviation, housing, civics, and industry, forms a background for the personal adventures of the two families.

No newsreel material and no stock shots are being used, as the director, Edmond Greville, believes that the once 'topical' photography of old newsreels would only make the scenes fantastic, instead of adding to the realism of the story.

The choice of Greville himself as director was the result of long discussion by the committee of six representing the Dutch sponsors. The first thought was naturally to engage a Dutchman, but Holland is not, on the whole, a film-making country, and its one outstanding director, Joris Ivens, is primarily a maker of documentaries—*Spanish Earth* was his —and prefers not to be connected with fictional pictures.

Duvivier was the next name mentioned, but Duvivier is busy in Hollywood. Jacques Feyder, a Belgian, and Pabst, a German, were other likely candidates, but in the end the film was given to Edmond Greville, whose *Marchand d'Amour*, *Remous* and the English *Secret Lives* have all been great box-office successes in Holland.

Greville is possibly the ideal choice for this very delicate mixture of fact and fiction. A young man still, half French, half English, he has a wit as keen as a sword-blade and a solid, working knowledge of the craft of film-making. He grew up in Paris in the ardent days when Delluc and Gance and L'Herbier formed the avant-garde, when young cinephiles used to stand up in the boulevard cafés and fight for their enthusiasms. He acted for René Clair in *Sous les Toits de Paris*, and learned his job as director under the best French craftsmen.

Forty Years, according to Edmond Greville, is about the most fascinating piece of pure film-making that he has ever had to tackle. Without any fear of commercial contradiction, he has been able to use all the 'real movie tricks' of flash-back, sound-mixing and cross-cutting that he has always loved to practice.

There are only eight legitimate actors in the picture, and since Holland has no professional crowd artists or extras, all the smaller parts are played by the Dutch people themselves. Everyone he approached, says Greville, rich or poor, was eager to take part in the picture. Even the Mayor of the Hague, who announced the birth of Princess Beatrix in real life and repeats that office for the picture, went into the studio dressing rooms and put on grease-paint like a veteran.

The picture, when finally edited, will run for about an hour and a half, and it is anticipated that it will be shown in this country as well as in Holland. Greville's work has a very high reputation here among discerning picture-goers, and there are scenes in the film which, apart from their value as a document of scientific

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progress, are specially calculated to interest the British.

One of the most striking of these is the incident in which Queen Wilhelmina sends a lone Dutch cruiser to bring back Kruger after the Boer War. The Dutch were convinced, it seems, that the British Navy would capture him in mid-Channel and 'pack him off to an island somewhere, like Napoleon.' Instead of that, the whole fleet lined up to the salute as the cruiser passed through—a gesture of respect to a great soldier which the Dutch have never forgotten.

Berlin in Transition

THE beauty of Berlin as a city has long been a subject for debate among critical visitors of cosmopolitan taste. It is true that the German metropolis actually has no ancient, tradition-patinaed structures, few architectural 'witnesses of the past.' Yet it cannot be fairly compared with Paris, planned by kings fond of display, or with Vienna or Prague, equally representative of the pomp and ceremony of ruling families. The Prussian mode seems to have been to tear down and rebuild in the style of the moment.

It is this characteristic, possibly, that serves Chancellor Hitler as an excuse in his present scheme to rebuild Berlin so thoroughly that 'it may at last be worthy of being the Reich's capital.' As a result, Berlin today is the subject of an architectural plan more radical and extensive than has been undertaken in any city since antiquity.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Prager Tagblatt* gives us his impressions:—

'The entire plan is oriented toward two Axes—North-South and East-West—which intersect in the Tiergarten, the Central Park of Berlin, and which are to give a new appearance to the city. To this end enormous plots of buildings are falling before the crowbar and portions of the Tiergarten before the axe—though this latter destruction is to be partially compensated for by the inclusion of what heretofore have been private gardens.

'Certain details which are making a deep impression upon Berliners have little meaning for the stranger, the hasty visitor—though he, too, is amazed about the "picture of joyful destruction" already encompassing entire neighborhoods. This new slogan seems to describe strikingly the amazement and expectations the changes are eliciting. In the very heart of town, at the Potsdamer Bridge, the eye may now roam freely over a very considerable area. Here, only a few weeks ago, house on house lined the streets. None of these buildings was distinguished by any architectural value; yet they had been, for the most part, built so solidly, "for the centuries," that for two nights the stubborn walls, which resisted the pneumatic drill, had to be blasted. The number of houses razed here is exceeded by far by those destined for the same fate in adjoining districts in order to make way for the North-South Axis. Even in the exclusive Tiergarten section—holding only villas, embassies and mansions—more than a hundred improved properties have been condemned in order to provide the space for the new buildings intended to line the Axis. In addition there is the considerable area to be occupied by the Axis itself which, after the model of the exemplary Reich auto speedways, will have separate drives for opposing streams of traffic, subdivided for local and through traffic, and provided with underpasses and other improvements.

'According to the most recent plans this means the end of the famous *Siegesallee*. This "Victory Mall," begun by the last Kaiser in 1895 and completed in 1901, held the monuments of the Brandenburg Princes of the Ascanian, Wittelsbach, Luxemburg and Hohenzollern Dynasties. Though the artistic merit of individual monuments was subject to controversy, this Boulevard as a whole has come to be regarded as a peculiar historical docu-

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ment with a charm all its own. The old Königsplatz by the Reichstag building is also destined to disappear, since here, at the intersection of the Axes, a gigantic Congress Building is to rise, with a huge plaza of the kind required by the massing of humanity so frequently practised in the Third Reich. The fate of the old Reichstag building itself, used since the seizure of power and the famous fire only for office and exhibition purposes, was long in doubt, its demolition having been seriously considered. Now it is to be preserved, as is the Kroll Opera where the National Socialist Reichstag meets. On the other hand, the monuments of the three giants of the empire, Bismarck, Roon and Moltke—as well as the Column of Victory, erected in memory of the wars of 1864, 1866, and 1870–71—will disappear.

'The removal of the Column has already begun. It is to be reërected, somewhat increased in height, on the greatly enlarged Grosser Stern Square in the Tiergarten. This square will also hold the monuments of the three great men, while a nearby parkway, closed to general traffic, will hold the monuments of the Siegesallee. Thus the National-Socialist State has assigned the silent witnesses of the Empire and its history to an area removed from the new city and suitable for quiet contemplation. Characteristically this particular project was publicly discussed at great length. It was emphasized that there would be no "iconoclasm," no thought of hiding away the monuments in a museum. Evidently even the undemonstrative Berliner leans toward what is called tradition elsewhere.

'For the time being the visitor will see Berlin being completely reconstructed. There will be answers to many of the questions which he, as well as the Berliners, is asking—all except the question as to how these huge works are financed. An impenetrable veil has been drawn over this problem. The Chancellor himself recently admitted that he hated the word "impossible." Perhaps this holds the key.'

Comedy in the Soviets

SEVERAL comments have appeared in the Soviet press on the subject of the decline of comedy. The well-known humorists are silent. Zoshchenko, once a favorite with the Soviet audiences, is writing long and pointless, pseudo-humorous sketches in the *Krokodil*. Katayev, whom we may remember for his *Squaring the Circle*, has also refrained from any significant contributions. Yet there is a definite demand for something more lively than the deadly-serious, pedantic dramas dealing with Lenin, the October Days and the Civil War. Even the productions of old masterpieces like *Much Ado About Nothing*, or *Figaro's Wedding* are meeting with great success. N. Gorchakov, writing in *Pravda*, makes some pertinent suggestions about how far a Soviet playwright can go without incurring the danger of being suspected of unwelcome tendencies:—

'The Soviet audience demands a clever, artistically conceived, sharply class-conscious comedy. It reacts quickly and enthusiastically to funny situations, to clownings. But the Soviet comedy has another problem: to expose in satirical form those remnants of capitalistic mentality which are still lingering among us. Saboteurs, slanderers, gossips, hypocrites, boasters and cowards, bureaucrats, big and small, hypochondriacs and pessimists—how many of them come in contact with a Soviet playwright every day and fairly beg to be set down on paper. But the Soviet comedy must, too, have its positive heroes—living, full-blooded citizens of our times. It must reflect the healthy optimism that reigns among us.

'And then, too, we must broaden the scope of our subjects. We have no satire directed against Fascism, against the aggressors, or against lack of responsibility in an atmosphere of war-preparedness. We must somehow destroy in our authors the strange comedy-phobia that is arresting the development of this necessary and vital form of dramatic art.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Case for Germany

GERMANY SPEAKS. *By Twenty-one Leading Nazis. London: Thornton Butterworth. 1938.*

(Harold Nicolson in the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London)

HERR HITLER for many years has interested himself both in the theory and the practice of propaganda. He, in fact, devoted many pages of *Mein Kampf* to an examination of the principles which render propaganda an effective instrument of policy.

According to the Führer, a successful propagandist must concentrate upon the simpler emotions, such as hatred and fear. He must stimulate these emotions by the incessant iteration of a few well-chosen slogans. He must avoid all intellectual or rational arguments and confine himself to such appeals as are liable to arouse 'soul-inspiring fanaticism' or 'that hysteria which impels men forward.' Incidentally he must base his method 'upon the very sound principle that the size of a lie is always a factor in the extent to which it is believed.'

Such methods may be applicable to the German people, whom their leader, with stringent realism, describes as '*die grosse stupide Hammelherde unseres schafgeduldigen Volkes.*' ('The great stupid herd of our sheeplike people.') They are not, however, suitable for exportation. The disciples of Herr Hitler have realized this truth. The twenty-one Ministers of State and other party pundits who contribute to *Germany Speaks* have (almost without exception) realized that sweet reasonableness is the way to catch the English.

It is interesting to consider what type of audience the compiler of this propagandist volume had in mind. Obviously the book is too long, too ponderous, too heavily coy and too expensive to attract the casual reader. Yet those who are interested in, and have some knowledge of, German affairs will be disconcerted by what these writers have omitted, rather than impressed by what they have put in.

No objective Englishman can fail to admire the achievements of the Nazi régime. In a few short years Herr Hitler has shattered the federal and feudal barriers which obstructed Bismarck. He has gone far to create the classless State and to restore to his neurotic countrymen their shattered self-respect. His planning of industry and agriculture deserves our admiration. His social legislation and his exploitation of leisure might well be copied by other countries. His labor camps are magnificent and effective instruments of social leveling. His transport system is superb. Dr. Schacht (in spite of the lamentable article which he contributes to this anthology) has done wonders with the barter system. And it is undeniable that the spirit which the Führer has induced into his people is evidence, not only of '*nachtwanderlische Sicherheit*,' ('somnambulistic security') but also of great demagogic acumen.

Yet the purpose of this volume is to convince the British public of how reasonable Germany is. The average Englishman is ready to admit (and, I hope, to imitate) all that is most successful in the Nazi experiment. What puzzles him are those elements in the Nazi philosophy which abolish tolerance. We all admire the statistics; what disturbs us is the frame of mind behind those statistics. This propaganda volume provides an excellent statement of the constructive side of the Third Reich. We know all about that. What bothers us is its destructive side. It is here that is to be sought the core of British distrust. And the authors of these essays evade the core.

Dr. Dietrich, the Reich 'Chief of

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the Press,' in his tactless essay upon the 'Reich and World Politics,' reminds us that 'it is not possible to understand National Socialism with Liberal types of thought.' Yet National Socialism is a baby of five years' growth, whereas our 'Liberal type of thought' is some 700 years old. The whole assumption of this book is that they are right in their theory and we are wrong. They take this amazing suggestion as an axiom. And it is because of this axiom that they fail to answer any of the questions which we really wish to ask. Five years of excited and uneducated experience can scarcely arrogate to itself greater wisdom than that of twenty-three generations.

We want to know why Germany, whose possessions and independence are not menaced by any other country, has exposed her people to sacrifices for the sake of armament which are greater than any sacrifices demanded of any people in times of peace. It is no good their telling us that Germany is threatened by Russia. We do not believe it. Even the amiable Freiherr von Rheinbaben cannot get the encirclement theory across.

We want to know why Germany has subjected her Jewish fellow-citizens to a persecution more deliberate than anything that has been known since the Middle Ages. It is not sufficient to inform us in reply of the number of Jewish dentists who flourished in Berlin before 1933, or to assure us that the whole persecution was provoked 'by the imperialistic designs of the Jewish people on German soil.' We are not quite such a *Hammelherde* as to believe nonsense such as that.

We want to know why members of those parties who opposed the Nazi movement are today either in exile or in concentration camps. It is no help to us to be told that 'the National Socialist Party is the only political party in Germany and, therefore, the true representative of the people.' That begs the question.

We want to know why individual thought, personal quality, human capacity, justice, economics, education, art and literature are subordinated to a *petit bourgeois* conception of State domination. It is no comfort to us to be assured that 'National Socialism replaced individualistic thought, which it regards as an error of a whole age, by the community idea.' It is as silly of the Germans to lecture us about politics as it would be for them to speak of culture to the French.

We want to know why Germans abroad are bullied and spied upon by Nazi agents. It is no satisfaction to be told by Herr Bohle that the terms *Nazi* and *German* are synonymous.

We want to know why Germany imposes a press censorship upon her weaker neighbors. Dr. Dietrich implies that we had better be careful or else a similar censorship will be imposed upon ourselves. But does he seriously imagine that the press of this country can for long be coerced into abandoning the 'liberal type of thought?'

I recognize that this volume was well meant and that it contains much useful information. Yet, in evading or falsifying the main problems, it will not establish understanding. The preface is signed by Herr von Ribbentrop, Foreign Minister and recently German Ambassador in London.

Typhoon in the Caribbean

In Hazard. *By Richard Hughes. London: Chatto and Windus. 1938.*

(Graham Greene in the *Spectator*, London)

IT IS nine years since Mr. Richard Hughes published his former—and first—novel, *A High Wind in Jamaica*. Nine years is a long time: suppose only a mouse had emerged from the enormous gestation. A friendly critic opens the second novel—nervously. The first paragraph puts his mind at rest. Here is the old simplicity, surprise, outrageous humor.

> Amongst the people I have met, one of those who stand out the most vividly in my

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> memory is a certain Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. He was a chief engineer; and a distant cousin, he said, of Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, the statesman. He resembles his 'cousin' very closely indeed, in face and moustaches; and it astonished me at first to see what appeared to be my future Prime Minister, in a suit of overalls, crawling out of a piece of dismantled machinery with an air of real authority and knowledge and decision.

But the most outrageous quality of *In Hazard* is not its humor but its daring: to take the same subject as Conrad in *Typhoon*, the simple story of a hurricane and human endurance, to include even a shipload of Chinese—it would be foolhardy if it were not triumphantly justified.

Mr. Hughes himself describes the surface difference between the two tales. The *Archimedes* is a large cargo steamer of nearly ten thousand tons belonging to a period which has charted weather like a continent.

> The days of Conrad's *Typhoon* are past: the days when hurricanes pounced on shipping as unexpectedly as a cat on mice. For one thing, the mice know more than they used to know of the cat's anatomy, of the rules which govern its motion—and in addition to that, the cat has been belled.

Meterologists are on the watch; gale warnings are broadcast. With immense skill and technical knowledge Mr. Hughes evokes our confidence in the great machine; we hear of the funnel-guys designed to stand a strain of a hundred tons; we are taken through the engine-room by a man whose eye has been trained on nature—it is as if a bird-watcher had shifted his interest 'from feathers to iron':—

> You have seen, in a bush on a foggy day, the spider-runs among the branches? So, too, in an engine-room there are little metal runs at different levels and gossamer steel stairs, to carry you to whatever part you want of these huge iron lumps.

We learn the geography of a stokehold, the appearance of a propeller shaft, the purpose of tanks; and all this careful metallic framework for his tale is constructed in order that it may be startlingly shattered—by the sudden eccentricity of nature.

> The barometer had fallen to 26.9. So low a reading had never before been recorded for certain at sea. . . . Precedents, book-knowledge, experience—they were no longer a guide. The air might now be expected to perform feats no living sailor had had to face before.

And so the *Archimedes* suddenly, in the face of an unpredictable 'sport' of nature ('Cannot understand your weather,' another ship radioed back 'a trifle huffily'), becomes as powerless as the little *Nan-Shan*, and Captain Edwardes, with his radio reports, as impotent as Captain MacWhirr, who, it will be remembered, remarked vaguely, 'There's some dirty weather knocking about,' and read up the symptoms from a book in his cabin.

But the real difference between the two stories is this: that Conrad, unlike Mr. Hughes, was more interested in human beings than in the wild vagary of nature. The typhoon to him had the importance—and the unimportance—of a symbol. He speaks of Captain MacWhirr, that innocent and unimaginative commander with a bowler hat and an umbrella, as one

> Who had sailed over the surface of the oceans as some men go skimming over the years of existence to sink gently into a placid grave, ignorant of life to the last, without ever having been made to see all it may contain of perfidy, of violence and of terror. There are on sea and land such men thus fortunate—or thus disdained by destiny or the sea.

His characters under that philosophic shadow live more intensely than those of Mr. Hughes. Conrad was a tragic poet, and Mr. Hughes is a rarer case in literature—a pure story-teller, unconcerned with anything but a succession of events, inventing with the greatest clarity and agility as if, like Scheherazade, he must save

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his neck from the sword. The poetry is in the observation, not in the feeling, and he observes his own inventions like a naturalist. If Conrad has something of Sophocles, Mr. Hughes has something of Fabre. And perhaps, too, something of Grimm—in what one may call the eccentricity of his invention (a junior officer at an American party finds himself alone with a naked girl, just as a character in Grimm might find a rabbit in her hair).

The pure story-teller is also heartless—the most appalling things happen in Grimm or the *Arabian Nights*—pity, remorse, anger have nothing to do with a succession of events. The little boy John in *A High Wind* falls out of a window and that's the end of him: the story goes on. The old chief, Ramsay MacDonald, after the *Archimedes* has weathered the hurricane, falls asleep on the rail and drops overboard. Nothing is dwelt on, nothing impedes the story—except another story (I cannot help feeling the long byway into China and a Communist sailor's past life is a mistake); and in a world rather too warm with causes, affections, hatreds, ideologies, there is something icily refreshing in a writer who is concerned with nothing but things happening.

If Mr. Hughes loses to Conrad in the vigor and vividness of characterization, he answers Conrad's challenge magnificently in the description of the storm itself. Conrad's typhoon is a little blurred with rhetoric (Fabre could not have written of his ants so exactly if they had represented to him much more than ants). The *Nan-Shan* is pounded and shattered with gigantic abstractions; we struggle in darkness with destiny for survival—but in the *Archimedes* everything has the exactitude of a natural history, the excitement of a survivor's report and the unexpectedness of a fable. One remembers the sudden appalling flight of the wild cats through the house before the hurricane in Jamaica, and one finds the same odd poetry here, the gentle acceptance of the eccentric fact, when he describes the *Archimedes* as it enters the calmer center of the hurricane:—

> The whole ruin of the deck and upper-structures was covered with living things. Living, but not moving. Birds and even butterflies and big flying grasshoppers. The tormented black sky was one incessant flicker of lightning, and from every mast-head and derrick-point streamed a bright discharge, like electric hair; but large black birds sat right amongst it, unmoving. High up, three john-crows sat on the standard compass. A big bird like a crane, looking as if its wings were too big for it when folded up, sat on a life-boat, staring through them moonily. Some herons even tried to settle on the lee-bulwarks, that were mostly awash, and were picked like fruit by the sharks. And birds like swallows: massed as if for migration. They were massed like that on every stay and handrail. But not for migration. As you gripped a hand-rail to steady yourself they never moved; you had to brush them off; when they just fell.

A Novel of French Strikes

PAIN DE BRIQUE. *By Jean Fréville. Paris: Flammarion. 1938.*

(Léon Pierre-Quint in *Lumière*, Paris)

JEAN FRÉVILLE, who has just been awarded the *Prix de la Renaissance*, has called his book a 'Contemporary Novel,' but it might just as well be described as *reportage*. *Pain de Brique* is the story of a factory which makes novelties, during the great strikes which took place in France in 1936. With a wealth of detail the author tells how the workers lived and thought during the years of deflation. There is rivalry among the workers, and it is encouraged by the management. One of the packers says: 'We count for nothing. We are the fifth wheel on the cart. Others, like the mechanics, the wire-drawers and the finishers, ought to help us. But they get 400 francs a week, sometimes more. Naturally, with high wages like that, they don't care a hoot about how we try to get along on our 200 francs a week.'

Each worker is shut in within his own

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petty life, preoccupied with his personal worries: a sick child, or unpaid rent. In the factory nobody dares to speak freely because of spies, and all are ashamed to parade their troubles before their comrades. Those who earn more than their neighbors are proud and cultivate the foreman.

Fréville has written an excellent description of the workers, as he saw them in their difficult everyday life. Only a few individual types emerge from the homogeneous mass; their histories are uniform; a phrase, a word, suffices to recall that they must all undergo the same fate. Fresh from school, still full of the good principles with which he had been inculcated, the worker is full of hope. 'Perhaps tomorrow will be better than today.' In Dabit's novels, you find the same note of youthful optimism. Then, as the years pass without any change for the better, a large part of them become resigned. A few rebel. Finally, when they have become too old and infirm to work, the factory discards them. There remain the Board of Charity and the cemetery.

We see again the plague of unemployment prowling through the working world, creating dissension. Frenchmen are given precedence over foreigners, who are the first to be dismissed. In one brief scene, Fréville paints the tragedy of unemployment, that most monstrous absurdity of our industrial organization, which persists in defiance of reason or common sense. In a café near the factory gate, a few workers are waiting for the factory whistle to blow. They see a few Arabs

> waddling in single file like ducks. Lugubriously they wandered in dubious search of non-existent work. Suddenly, the procession stopped and swerved. The first man saw the factory gate and rang the bell. The janitor came out. Without even taking the trouble to answer, he pointed to a sign 'No Help Wanted.' One after another, each Arab asked the same question with the same gesture, and turned away to take his former place in the little procession. One of the men mimicked the question, aping the broken accents of the interrogator: 'Look here, my good friend foreman, have you any work for me? I won't ask much—anything you want. . . .'

These unemployed, ready to work for any wages, enraged the other workers, who also were living under the constant threat of dismissal. Solidarity seemed a distant ideal, impossible to attain. 'Workers of the world, unite!' Why, they couldn't even come to an agreement in the same land, in the same factory! When one considers the division within their ranks, the petty human foibles of men who have not yet learned their lesson, one wonders that this miracle ever came to pass. Yet it did.

The strikes of 1936 suddenly created a new state of mind, as if a fresh breeze blew through the atmosphere of dissension and uncertainty. Here, it seems to me, the author did not live up to his subject. He could not rise above the chronological recital of the facts. He remains too much of a journalist. As a historian, he should have analyzed the genesis of this amazing movement. As a novelist, he should have made us feel the sudden intensity of the enthusiasm which, spreading beyond the walls of a single factory, triumphed only because it sprang from the depths of the masses. In every great popular demonstration, there are irrational elements which can be fully expressed only by poetry. It is that feeling which has kept alive a work like *Germinal*, in which a mine has become a living thing. Are the events of 1936 too near to us to be recreated on the literary plane? I do not believe so. In our times, it is possible to get perspective after a short time, for the present becomes history very soon.

If Jean Fréville was unable to achieve a true poetical recreation of his impressions, at least he has avoided militant jargon and the conventional political language that is so much in use now. In seeking to be impartial he has perhaps gone too far.

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Unconsciously, perhaps, he has idealized his characters. His workers are much too reasonable during those intoxicating days in June, 1936; on the other hand, the owner of the factory, although limited by the prejudices of his class, remains constantly a good employer. Nothing is more dangerous than an objectivity which attempts to mask the reality behind convention. Certain subjects cannot fail to awaken passions, and they should be omitted altogether, if the author is afraid of shocking his readers. Subjecting his art to this kind of personal censorship is just as inadmissible as any official censorship. Fréville does not lack courage; but the quality appears to better advantage in those parts of the novel where he limits himself to purely economic questions. The history of the factory, for example, is told in a powerful chapter, not from the traditional point of view of the employer, but from the social point of view. We see the factory grow from an artisan's workshop into a strong enterprise, and from that into monopoly.

Fréville's chapter on the progress of rationalization in France is even more concrete than the others: the author here discusses the workers, a subject that he knows well. Nothing can be said against the principle of rationalization in itself. It represents only the adjustment of man to the machine. During the nineteenth century, man kept the habits of his handicraft days. He had to adjust his working methods to the newly invented mechanical processes. The tragedy began from the moment when the vertiginous growth of production was not followed by the proportional rise in wages. The piece worker tried to work faster. But while his output increased, his wages, which originally kept pace, were cut down by the factory management. He worked still faster, enduring fatigue, trying to surpass himself and his fellows. The system of bonuses caused him to keep a jealous eye on his neighbor. All this was dangerous to his health and safety. Fréville tells us how the workers would slip the safety gear from the machine and work on the sly in order to make another franc an hour, until their hands would be caught in the machine. Every year, a few fingers would be lost because of such practices.

The description of the hardships under which they worked until 1936, permits us to understand how necessary were such reforms as paid vacations, elected representatives and certain elementary improvements. On the day when the workers occupied the factory, having shut the employers out, they felt like convicts who had broken their chains. The riot quickly spread throughout the factory—a gigantic outburst of merriment. After the victory, however, the leader of the workers, a man from the outside who had organized them, was thrown out. The employer took his revenge in other ways, explaining it by seemingly reasonable arguments about the general economic state of the country. But the strike was not in vain and the struggle continues. From now on the workers must pass through a new apprenticeship—that of the free worker. They still have to learn how to choose their delegates wisely, and these, in turn, must learn to appreciate the full significance of the duties they must perform. 'Too long,' the author says, 'they [the workers] have felt themselves to be worthy of contempt, because they have been despised. Now they raised their heads, conscious of a newly acquired dignity.'

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS THE SOUTH. *By Jonathan Daniels. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. 346 pages. $3.00.*

MR. DANIELS, the young and able editor of the Raleigh, N. C., *News and Observer*, recently made an extensive tour through the Southern States, talking to all sorts of people, from United States Senators and university presidents to hitch-hikers and back alley prostitutes, and looking over everything, from the monumental works of the TVA to the weather-beaten shacks of the Mississippi hinterland. In the present book he reports what he saw and heard. It is easily the best all-around volume on the South that has yet been published. It is full of shrewd reporting and excellent characterizations of people, and it betrays a sympathy for human suffering and befuddlement that is extremely rare in general and almost non-existent among journalists, most of whom hear only the whines of poor or wealthy exhibitionists and are deaf to the sighs of the silent majority of misery.

Mr. Daniels does not spout statistics. He relates experiences, raw, real, and terribly moving. He tells of slow death and appalling indignities, of predatory pride—'property is afraid of people'—and the rugged chivalry of the wealthy few: 'Avarice hides behind the pretence of efficiency, and exploitation often talks big of progress.' He visited the company commissary of an old mill in South Carolina: 'A pretty blonde girl, almost incredibly pregnant, went heavily past me. My hat was already off but figuratively it came off again in my heart. I recognized her as omen. I never saw a dying cotton mill village that was not heavy with child.' Of the model town of Norris, Tennessee, he says, 'My observation has been that Edens are generally either pretentiously false or full of secret snakes.' He has the highest respect for the quiet, kindly understanding of David Lilienthal of the TVA, but of the much advertised Dr. John Neal he says simply, 'He is undoubtedly one of the first Liberals and honest men of East Tennessee. Also he is one of its largest landowners.' In one sentence he disposes of the sociological writings of H. L. Mencken, who 'applied an evangelical violence to the denunciation of those who so easily offended his Episcopalian prejudices.'

The South, as President Roosevelt has said, is the nation's 'No. 1 economic problem.' All investigators 'have found the lowest incomes and the poorest fed people in America in a region which should be a garden.' The blame for this is not easy to determine. The Civil War probably is very little involved. It 'seems a detail almost insignificant between what went before and what came after.' The high tariffs and the Northern absentee ownership probably have much more to do with the present degradation of the South. So has the age-old Bourbonism of the Coca-Cola and tobacco aristocracy. 'The saddest thing in the South is the fact that those at the top who do not believe in the intelligence of those at the bottom have not shown themselves capable of a leadership satisfactory to the people they assume to lead—nor, so far as I could discover, to anybody else.'

The legends that the Southern Negro is 'an incurably ignorant ape' and that the Southern white masses are 'biologically degenerate' are belied by all observers, lay and scientific. They only need to be given a chance 'to make and share plenty.' Altogether, the cultural and economic plight of the South is not a local disorder but the most patent clinical evidence of a systemic national disease. It should be recognized 'as a part of the same civilization as Harvard and in a measure as the creation of the same people.'

It is possible to object to some of Mr. Daniels's remarks, but no well-informed person can contradict his chief contentions. Basically they are not new, but no one has brought them together before so skilfully and infused them with such warmth and conviction. His book deserves every bit of the success it is having, and much more.

—CHARLES ANGOFF

THE GERMAN OCTOPUS. *By Henry C. Wolfe. New York: Doubleday Doran and Company. 1938. 316 pages. $2.50.*

A NUMBER of years ago Ernst Henri achieved considerable notoriety with a sensational book called *Hitler Over Europe*. This book might be called *Hitler Under Europe:* it represents the underground boring of the ubiquitous Nazi racial comrade through-

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out the capitals of non-Fascist Europe.

Like most reporters, Wolfe is an impressionist and he skims over a lot of territory with the agility of a skeeter fly. Yet the book is not without insight. Certainly the picture he paints is one which needs to be memorized by heart by those Americans who profess to see no menace in the vaulting ambitions of Germany's badly seated 'man on horseback.'

And what the story tells is that the Nazis are but a façade for the tremendous recrudescence of pre-war Junker imperialism. At that time this most energetic among the *nouveau riche* nations promoted Pan-Germanism and organized its resources in trade and the military on behalf of the *Drang nach Osten*. The *Drang nach Osten* means the drive up the Baltic, on the one hand, to close pincers on Russia's 'Window to the West,' and on the other, the Danube and Berlin to Bagdad with a weather eye to the Ukraine.

In some form or other this drive goes back to the days of the Teutonic Marches. Frederick the Great lent the drive impetus. Bismarck laid the foundation for imperial expansion along these lines and now the old crowd is in power. Only now they call it racial imperialism and they have found a new weapon in anti-Semitism. Otherwise, there is nothing fundamentally different—not even systematic use of foreign trade balances to beat the helpless little nations of Central and Southern Europe into submission. It is a grim picture, but not one entirely without hope.

Running throughout the book is the fixed belief that Nazi domination of the Western world is inevitable so long, but no longer, than Democratic nations concede and fail to organize a United Front against this international reaction. In rapid summary the book gives the best picture of Nazi machinations in the various countries of Europe I have seen anywhere. The story is brought strictly up-to-date.

—ROBERT S. BRADY

THE COLONIAL PROBLEM. *A Report by the Royal Institute of International Affairs. London and New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. 448 pages. $8.50.*

NO OTHER single question has contributed, during the last few years, so much to the confusion prevailing in international affairs as the colonial problem. Since the then British Foreign Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare, in his now famous speech before the League Assembly in September, 1935, made the unfortunate distinction between the 'Have' and the 'Have-Not' nations, many 'experts' and laymen have felt that there is a relatively easy way to greater international security, namely, a redistribution of colonies and of raw materials. This argument, although misleading, has become very powerful since it seems so plausible that great Powers like Germany, Italy and Japan should not be able to exist without adequate colonial possessions.

The report by a Study Group of the Royal Institute of International Affairs in London is the first attempt to deal exhaustively with the many problems involved. Like all the work of the Institute, it is a scholarly treatise. It analyzes the colonial issue in all its manifold ramifications and will be almost indispensable for any student of international affairs. He will find here an evaluation of colonies from a military and from an economic point of view, and all the material and data that are necessary for such an evaluation; he will also find information on the various forms of government in colonial territories, on the mandate system and on the transfer of colonial areas from one state to another. Further, material is provided on the population problem, on labor relations in colonial possessions and on certain aspects of social reform. Very useful for any future discussion of the colonial issue is the authors' analysis of the economic implications of colonial development: their discussion on capital investment, on trade and tariffs, on raw materials and on food-supplies. The statistical material, particularly on international trade, should have been more complete and exhaustive.

What are the conclusions the study offers on this all-important problem? The authors are very guarded and restrained in their judgment. A more emphatic language would have been advisable. But even so, they reject over-simplified patterns, such as the alleged conflict between the 'Haves' and the 'Have-Nots.' Moreover, they point out in rather too brief a chapter that the economic value of colonies is a very dubious one, about which there is a great deal of loose thinking. This part of the discussion would certainly have gained had the authors based their analysis, at least to some degree, on the theory of Imperialism. That would have permitted them to show more pointedly to what extent special economic

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interests and pressure groups which develop within capitalism profit from colonial exploitation. A discussion of the colonial problem from this angle would strike at the very existence of colonial possessions. The real colonial issue at stake is not the redistribution of colonies, but the abolition of colonial possessions and the development of their political independence and self-government. This, however, has not been discussed in this work.

—Otto Nathan

The Culture of Cities. *By Lewis Mumford. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1938. 586 pages. $5.00.*

THE title of this book is a broad term since, as Mr. Mumford points out, the city is the focal point of the culture of mankind. But the reader will find that full justice has been done to the subject.

Beginning the history of the rise and fall of the modern city with the Middle Ages, the author points out that while the medieval city was crude and primitive, it had, nevertheless, a collective conscience which made it a fairly decent place in which to live. It was only when this collective conscience gave way to the exploitive individualism of a century or so ago that the city began to decay, to be tentacular, to lose its function while increasing its size.

Today, Mr. Mumford believes that the city is the blight of the world and its shadow a blight on the hinterland. But he is not as ready as some less well informed critics to pour out the baby with the bath. The technical advances which, in misapplication, have made the modern city the horror that it has become—he speaks of the 'non-plan of the non-city'—can be so applied as to make life in the modern city as decent as was life in the medieval city, although much more comfortable. This can be done, he thinks, by rational city-planning, which means rational regional planning. And to do that it is necessary to reëducate men so that they again develop a collective conscience and a sense of social responsibility, an interest in service and use rather than in individual profit. Emphasis must once more be put on land value rather than on real estate value.

This is no more than the barest outline of what Mr. Mumford has to say. It would be impossible here to summarize the fascinating wealth of detail, drawn from numerous fields of scholarship, of which he makes use. Suffice it to say that the book has some fifty pages of bibliography, and that the chapter on the medieval city presents a better picture of the Middle Ages than does many a pretentious volume.

—Joseph Kresh

The Protection and Marketing of Literary Property. *By Philip Wittenberg. New York: Julian Mesner, Inc. 1938. 395 pages. $3.75.*

THE problem of owning and administering what the author creates has become very complex. Science has multiplied the incidences of what is commonly known as property. In no field of creative activity is this more true than in literary property, a term which includes books, plays, scenarios, stories and radio-scripts.

The protection of an author's rights in his literary creation is the subject matter of this book by a lawyer who has specialized in this field for over twenty years. Its outstanding merit lies in the skill with which Mr. Wittenberg has made a dry and technical subject fascinating, entertaining and enlightening to the lay reader.

For the writer, this volume sets forth in non-technical language the manner in which copyright is secured, what to do about plagiarism, piracy and mind-picking; the remedies for piracy and infringement; and the legal problems arising out of theft of names and titles. The chapters dealing with Agents, Contracts For Publication in Book Form, Dramatic Production Contract, Motion Picture Contracts, Provisions For Radio Use, should be read by every author, for they will help him avoid many pitfalls and save him mental anguish.

The author has handled his subject as simply as possible, for which care readers who are not lawyers will be grateful. But in its simplicity lies danger to one who, after reading it, tries to act as his own lawyer on matters pertaining to literary property. One can master the Constitution of the United States by memorizing it, let us say—but that won't make him a constitutional lawyer. It might give him an awareness of what is involved. So with Mr. Wittenberg's book, where the main outlines are sketched in an effort to make an author conscious of the fact that his creation

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is a commodity subject to privileges, guarantees and safeguards.

—David W. Wainhouse

The Pasquier Chronicles. *By Georges Duhamel. Translated from the French by Beatrice de Holtoir. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1938. 848 pages. $3.50.*

THE very limits that Duhamel has set for his *Pasquier Chronicles* should make this group of five related novelettes more popular in America than the other great cycles typical of current French fiction. This work is by far the easiest to read because it lacks the army of characters and the complexity of action so often confusing in *Men of Good Will*, for instance. It does not have the specific references to French politics which, in Martin du Gard and Aragon as in Romains, disorient the uninitiated foreigner. Here is a traditional family novel taking place in a world of its own. When the fifth and hardly integral section breaks from the narrow group of the Pasquier tribe, it is only to enter the closed Utopia of Biévre, where the novelist has placed his own Brook Farm experiment at Créteil in 1907.

This small world is amiable, however, and the English-speaking reader will feel at home with its tenderness, whimsy, even its outbursts of slapstick humor, and characters drawn with the broad burlesque of a Dickens. The most successful portrait is that of the rake of a father—eager, amoral, vitally comic. The other members of the family are more within the range of possibility and the same time less convincing. We never quite believe in the musical talent of Cécile, the beauty of Suzanne, or the rise to wealth of a Joseph whose one attribute seems penny-pinching.

In fine, these *Chronicles* fall into the romantic tradition. Duhamel writes of the three decades following 1880 with a tenderness due a period irrevocably lost and lamented, without a hint that from this debatable paradise have sprung our own troubled days. Although the author is only fifty-four and published the first volume of this series in 1933, the whole work has the accent of an old man in quest of his youth. It may well be that the Academy, consecrating in Duhamel a primacy among near-geniuses, has burdened him with the weight of its own years.

—D'Elbert Keenan

D'Annunzio. *By Tom Antongini. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1938. 538 pages. $5.00.*

New facts and data throwing additional light on the life and loves of the great Italian poet.

Collected Poems. *By E. E. Cummings. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1938. 315 pages. $3.00.*

All the poems from Mr. Cummings's earlier books which he wishes to preserve, as well as new work, and an Introduction.

Sit Down With John L. Lewis. *By C. L. Sulzberger. New York: Random House. 1938. 164 pages. $1.50.*

An impartial, unprejudiced study of the man who is second only to Roosevelt in the Washington news headlines of the day.

Four French Novelists. *By Georges Lemaitre. New York: Oxford University Press. 1938. 420 pages. $3.50.*

Carefully documented critical studies of Marcel Proust, André Gide, Jean Giraudoux and Paul Morand, with much new and important information.

Propaganda from China and Japan. *By Bruno Lasker and Agnes Roman. American Council, Institute of Pacific Relations. 1938. New York: 120 pages. $1.50.*

A study of Chinese and Japanese propaganda during the first six months of the present 'undeclared war.'

China Fights for Her Life. *By H. R. Ekins and Theon Wright. New York: Whittlesey House. 1938. 335 pages. $2.75.*

The past fifteen years of China's turbulent history, with particular emphasis on the person and personality of Chiang Kai-shek.

The Council of the League of Nations. *Geneva: Information Section. 1938. 145 pages. $0.40. (New York: International Document Service).*

The composition, competence, and procedure of the League Council, from 1920 to 1938, with index.

Pius XI. Apostle of Peace. *By Lillian Browne-Olf. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. 257 pages. $2.50.*

Part history, part travel-book, written in the cause of peace but weakened by loose generalities.

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

with the permission of the New Theatre League. In the five years preceding Hitler, Brecht probably influenced the German stage more than any other playwright. In collaboration with the composer Kurt Weill, he wrote a new version of *The Beggar's Opera* and *Rise and Fall of Mahoganny*, two brilliant satirical operettas. Best known in this country is his adaptation of Gorki's *Mother* and a number of experimental plays. His one act play, *Señora Carrar's Rifles*, is shortly to be produced. [p. 35]

IS AUSTRIA a liability or an asset to Germany? W. G. J. Knop, the author of 'Ostmark, Incorporated' [p. 51], is inclined to share the latter belief. Altogether it seems quite clear that the Nazis are using Austrian industry and Austrian raw materials, as well as the capital of a hapless minority, to insure the carrying out of their Four-Year Plan. Knop is known to our readers ('Behind the Nazi Façade,' THE LIVING AGE, April, 1938) as an expert on German economic conditions. He is on the staff of the *London Financial News*.

OTTO BAUER, brilliant theoretician and leader of the Austrian Socialists, recently died in Paris. He had lived since 1934 as an exile in Czechoslovakia, which he left after the Austrian *Anschluss*. 'Now our emigration really begins,' he is quoted as saying. Bauer was Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs in the First Socialist Cabinet in 1918. Though he was frequently attacked by the more extreme elements for his defeatist attitude, his influence on the Austrian Left was nevertheless profound. The article by him that we are publishing in this issue was his last. [p. 55]

JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES, the author of *Behind the Spanish Barricades*, analyzes a log-book of the Barcelona air raids, graphically describing anguish and terror behind its terse entries. He shows that these raids, which in themselves last twenty-six minutes, have the power to disorganize the city for forty hours. [p. 58]

THE LIVING AGE has always sought in the foreign press works of authors unknown in the United States—or perhaps even in their own countries—that show an unmistakable literary promise. We have reprinted a short story by Roger Vercel before his book *Salvage* became a best-seller here ('The *Philemon's* Boy' THE LIVING AGE, January, 1937), and one by Jean-Paul Sartre ('Three Who Died,' October, 1938), who has just published what some critics called 'one of the most interesting books to come out in France within the last five years.'

Our story this month is 'Nôuri,' by Robert Riquez, who has been able to catch the fairy-tale atmosphere of Egypt in this tender little tale of a childhood love. [p. 62]

OUR 'Persons' for this month all have some connection with the German problem. They are: Hans Krebs, a fugitive from Czechoslovakian justice, who someday may be called upon to play Bürkel to Henlein's Seyss-Inquart [p. 43]; President Colijn of the Netherlands, whose small country is an indomitable dam to Hitler's overflowing ambitions [p. 45]; and Captain Wiedemann, one of the few men whom Hitler really trusts. [p. 49]

IN THIS month's 'Miscellany,' a well-known British humorist sighs hopelessly over the inexplicable touchiness of non-democratic nations [p. 68]; a letter comes from Equatorial Africa, written by Albert Schweitzer, the head of the hospital there, who, incidentally, is not only a famous organist as well, but is also acknowledged as the world's leading interpreter of Back [p. 70]; and a Japanese writes, not without dismay, of the military resources of the 'Impregnable Vladivostok.' [p. 72]

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